

A MILLION FILAMENTS

issue three

may 2001

At The Drive-In

Dayglo Abortions

Expression Through Aggression

Recipes For Green Cleaning Products

Columns

Reviews

Quotations

plus much, much more...

PLACE
BARCODE
HERE

I think it's time we shone
the spotlight on
VIOLENCE



NOTE: Noughts and crosses written in chalk on the wall of the city loop underground train tunnel. Usually the train fast enough to see only the lights zooming past, but today it stopped three times in the space of two minutes. I wonder who played the game.

WELCOME TO A MILLION FILAMENTS #3: VIOLENCE

FRONT COVER QUOTE: "Louie Louie"
by Black Flag.

"The suntanned British 40-something with a flat-top and 3 gold earrings in his left ear VS. me & a fresh-faced Scot"

Overheard a tram conversation between a guy from Shropshire who has been in Oz for 20 years and a Scottish guy who arrived here 4 months ago.

These were complete strangers but were talking as if they'd been friends for years.

The English guy raved about how The Jam were the greatest band ever and were the most important Brit band since the Beatles and said he saw The Clash, Jam and Magazine LIVE in the space of 2 months and then he went on to say he loved Oasis! Sounds like he has the same 'no taste' syndrome as me. I like all different kinds of stuff that other people think is shit. He also saw The Undertones and Stiff Little Fingers. After the Scottish guy got off the tram, I had the chance to speak to the other one and soon realised he was just a big-mouthed, drunken sell-out.* ('Drunken' because he was holding a Heineken - okay so maybe he's just a 'social drinker' who enjoys takeaways, wink, wink). From what I could glean of his earlier conversation and the one with me, he also liked The Living End, Blink 182, Rancid, Greenday and he was in his 40s.

So he NEVER got exposed to the real shit!

I see it as my duty to turn kids onto 'real' punk when I find out they're into the poppy shit. But I didn't realise there were people this old with no clues. It seems weird to me. When he realised I knew more than him, he got off the fucken tram(!!) with closing comments: "Punk/new wave. Best fucken music around." (ie. To shut me up coz how do you answer that?)

I thought for a few minutes and then I figured it out: He is an egoist. He is only interested in giving his opinion and in hearing people echo it, and as soon as someone starts going off on their own tangent, he brings the conversation back to what he's interested in. No wonder he's never discovered anything different!

The best quote from the day came from the Scottish guy. These were his thoughts on Liam or Noel Gallagher (I don't know which is which): "I think he's just a bastard and he can sing".

Awesome quote - especially in a Scottish accent. yummy.
*Oops! He can't be a sell-out if he's always been a poser.

V is for vicious words that bite

I is for the inate selfishness that conceives insensitivity

O represents the number of people whose lives are not affected by violence in some way

L is for local information about relevant services for victims of violence

E is for the excessive images of glorified hatred in all forms around us

N is for personal narratives that you can relate to your own experiences

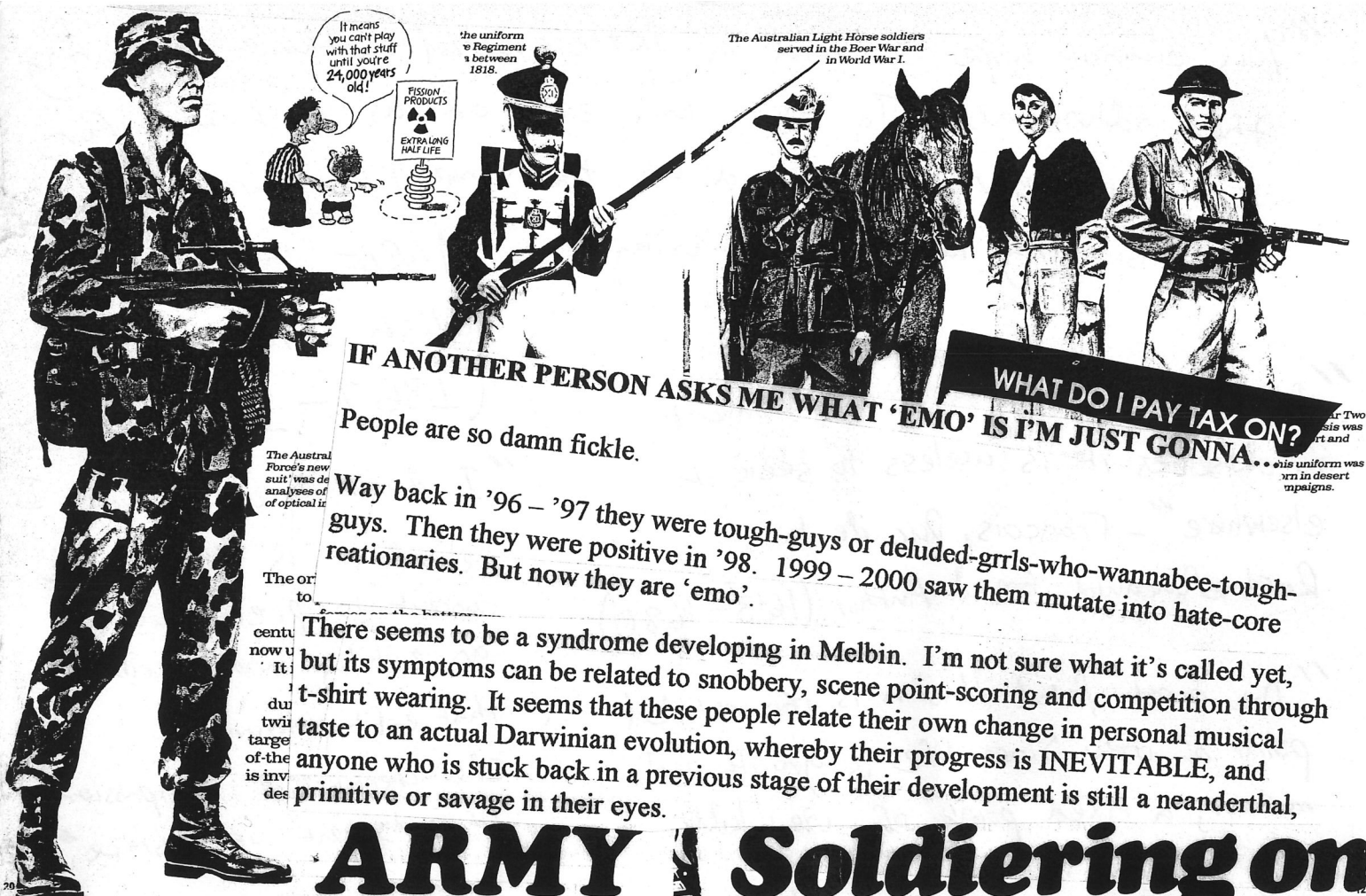
C is for the coffee table where you should keep this!

E is for the ebullient state you will be in once you reach the end of this issue

3.3 is the current population (in millions) of the city of Greater Melbourne. It is the number of members the 3.3 Collective aspire to one day have. 3.3 plan to take over the world so don't you get left behind now, y'hear? Check out www.threepointthree.live.com.au and join the troops.

Meanwhile, if there is anything in #3 of A Million Filaments that you would like to comment on or find out more about, don't hesitate to contact me. Details are on the back inside cover.

BYE NOW!
Emily



IF ANOTHER PERSON ASKS ME WHAT 'EMO' IS I'M JUST GONNA..

People are so damn fickle.

Way back in '96 - '97 they were tough-guys or deluded-grrls-who-wannabee-tough-guys. Then they were positive in '98. 1999 - 2000 saw them mutate into hate-core reactionaries. But now they are 'emo'.

There seems to be a syndrome developing in Melbin. I'm not sure what it's called yet, but its symptoms can be related to snobbery, scene point-scoring and competition through t-shirt wearing. It seems that these people relate their own change in personal musical taste to an actual Darwinian evolution, whereby their progress is INEVITABLE, and anyone who is stuck back in a previous stage of their development is still a neanderthal, primitive or savage in their eyes.

ARMY Soldiering on

It's difficult to believe that people I could once speak to are now too hip to even watch bands. They'd rather stand outside, smoke and look like faux intellectuals wearing the expensive clothes their parents paid for. Well at least I should be grateful they don't smoke inside.

I have two points to make:

- 1) 'Emo' is the most ridiculous term I have ever heard to describe a sub-genre of music. For the uninitiated, it's short for 'emotional hardcore'. Excuse me? Isn't all hardcore (and, by extension, all music) emotional? How pompous!
- 2) Being positive should be a lifestyle choice made for life. It shouldn't just be a phase the way that being suicidal might be. Anyone who has been into posi-core and is now too cool for it never really understood the point in the first place.

FUCK YOU! I like 'emo' but do not like to admit it because of people like you.

Aggression

HEAVY STUFF

Jarrad Searles presents a heavy music program on Adelaide's 88.5 Coast FM. He'd love to play a few more Australian independent acts, but nobody ever sends him anything. Maybe you should. Send your CD with a bio to him at 10 Lincoln Avenue, Plympton, SA 5038, or email him at jarrad_26@hotmail.com to get a few more details. He'd also love to interview you if you're ever over that way.

BASTARD
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Željko
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Arkan

FORTHCOMING ISSUES!

SPECIAL OFFER:
(free for a limited time only!)

- a) War in Macedonia
- b) War in Uganda
- c) War in Pakistan
- d) War in Ireland
- e) War in Korea
- f) War in the Balkans
- g) War in the Pacific
- h) War in the Atlantic
- i) War in the Arctic

Please check the order of appearance (in order of appearance)

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"You cannot hope to build a better world without improving the individuals. To that end each of us must work for his own improvement, and at the same time share a general responsibility for all humanity" — MARIE CURIE

Polish scientist
(1867-1934)

"When we cannot find contentment in ourselves it is useless to seek it elsewhere" — Francois, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, French Author (1613-1680)

"The most fatal illusion is the settled point of view. Since life is growth and motion, a fixed point of view kills anybody who has one" — Brooks Atkinson
American drama critic (1894-1984)

"I don't believe in God. I believe it is the ultimate conceit to preconceive of an entity and ascribe to that entity human characteristics of compassion or judgement or justice" — Gowan Deppeler, Victorian dairy farmer (1958-)

Example of

THE THOUGHTS OF OFFSPRING: "You stupid, dumb shit, god-damned motherfucker" — 'Bad Habit'

"Freedom is always and exclusively freedom for the one who thinks differently." — ROSA LUXEMBURG, Polish-German revolutionary (1871-1919)

"To understand another human being you must gain some insight into the condition which made him (or her) what (s)he is." — Margaret Bourke-White
American photojournalist (1904-1971)

"A burning purpose attracts others who are drawn along with it and help fulfil it" — Margaret Bourke-White, American photojournalist (1904-1971)



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→ The belief that nothing exists unless it can be touched, heard, seen, smelt or tasted. e.g., God does not exist.

"Bored people, unless they sleep a lot, are cruel" — RENATA ADLER, American writer (1938-)

"A man must be both stupid and uncharitable who believes there is no virtue or truth but on his own side" — JOSEPH ADDISON, English essayist and poet (1672-1719)

"To be nobody but myself - in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else - means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight, and never stop fighting" — E.E. Cummings (1894-1962)

THE FOLLOWING IS A LOOSE TRANSCRIPT OF A HEATED DEBATE, CONDUCTED OVER ABOUT 15-20 SMS MESSAGES JUST PRIOR TO THE S11 PROTESTS IN MELBIE LAST SEPTEMBER. I AM 'E' AND I CHOSE A SINGLE ISSUE THAT WAS TO BE RAISED AT THE THREE-DAY BLOCKADE SO THAT I COULD CONVINCE 'L' OF THE VALUE OF THE EVENT. AS ALWAYS, WE JUST AGREED TO DISAGREE.

E: The reason those nations stay poor is because they're exploited by rich and powerful nations for cheap labour. We used to have kids doing unskilled work in Australia and they would be stuck in that kind of job with no opportunities for improvement until the 1870s, when school became compulsory. It took another hundred years for university to become common and now we have choices others never had. Why shouldn't poor countries change like we did? It'll take years and WILL be hard to adjust (people won't want school) but in the long run it'll be the only way the masses can learn to support their OWN economy and build up THEIR futures instead of feeding US and multinational corporations. Do you understand that I've thought a lot about this? And it's really frustrating when you won't let me speak. Do you get it? It's not enough to say "they're desperate" and accept that. You must ask why they're desperate to work in such poor conditions. Address the underlying issues and work for social and economic change. Pity and charity don't deal with causes, they just provide blanket solutions. "Give a man a fish, he'll eat for a day. Teach him how to fish and he'll eat forever" - Arrested Development - that's IT! (That's my whole point).

Then **L.** said something about 'What right do you (i.e. protestors) have to decide a child's fate, put them out of a job (shitty factory job) and endanger their lives (by taking away their livelihood)?'

My response: What right does anyone have to choose other people's fate? Poor people should have freedom of choice just like you and me. I want to open their eyes to that so they can fight their own battles.

I could have used so many other examples of important issues being addressed at the S11 rally (and Seattle and Washington D.C. and the G8 summit Carnival Against Capitalism). I could have discussed environmental destruction, animal exploitation or bad working conditions generally, but I chose child labour and you (**L.**) jumped on it and started arguing emotively because it's a topic that's close to your heart.

You know it's wrong but are trying to justify it by speaking of pyramid structures with government & economy at the pinnacle and child workers on the bottom, holding it all together. Does that sound FAIR to you? You can't make the world a fairer place if people don't change their attitudes and the way people's attitudes change is through education. If you take a look at the women's liberation and the civil rights movements in the US, you will see that the majority of the population was against those changes at first. However, once people overcome their fears that are associated with change and uncertainty, they are able to pass on more positive attitudes to their children and grandchildren. Who would have thought in 1950 in America that black kids could be educated alongside white kids at university? Then again, 50 years

later, coloured students still make up a small minority of tertiary students and are still discriminated against in many ways in many other areas of social life. There is still a long way to go.

My main point is that you can't make the world a fairer place if you ignore the fact that it is unfair to start with. How anyone can be aware of such injustices and simply sit back and do nothing is just beyond me. That is what the protests are about - letting people know what you know and letting them make up their own minds.

Protest Dance Create Situations

READING RECOMMENDATIONS:

Writings of Existentialist philosophers/theorists. Look up 'Existentialism' in the encyclopedia or your library catalogue, or just check out some of these writers:

- ★ Simone de Beauvoir: "I WOULD RATHER MAKE BOOKS THAN CHILDREN"
- Friedrich Nietzsche: "He have art in order not to die of the truth"
- Dostoyevsky (through the character, Kirilov): "If God does not exist, I am god."
- ★ • Franz Kafka - the book "The Castle", which is described in Albert Camus' "The Myth of Sisyphus":
 "... the Barnabas family is the only one in the village that is utterly forsaken by the Castle and by the village itself. Amalia, the elder sister, has rejected the shameful propositions made her by one of the Castle's officials. The immoral curse that followed has for ever cast her out from the love of God. Being incapable of losing one's honour for God amounts to making oneself unworthy of his grace. You recognise a theme familiar to existential philosophy: truth contrary to morality."
- ★ • Albert Camus - "There is no fate that cannot be surmounted by scorn."
 (through the character Jean-Baptiste Clamence in "The Fall"): "I live in the Jewish quarter ~~and~~ or what was called so until our Hitlerian brethren spaced it out a bit. What a clean-up! Seventy-five thousand Jews deported or assassinated; that's real vacuum-cleaning. I admire that diligence, that methodical patience! When one has no character one has to apply a method."
- I also have read and can recommend a biography of Vanunu - a former technician at Israel's top-secret Dimona nuclear research complex who came to Australia and exposed the nuclear plant to the world media. The book is published by Monarch and written by a priest so it's pretty heavy on the influence of Christianity (Mordechai Vanunu converted to Christianity before 'confessing'), but it's worth reading anyway. It's called "Trial And Error" and it's by Tom Gilling and John McKnight. Published in Sussex, 1991. "To know is to be responsible."
- The Chomsky Reader is okay but I just skimmed through to the good bits. By Noam Chomsky.
- A highly recommended book with chapters on many different issues that effect us in our day-to-day lives is one by Reg Whitaker: "The End of Privacy: How Total surveillance Is Becoming A Reality". It was published in New York in 1999 by The New Press. "Statistical surveillance is never knowledge for its own sake, never philosophy (literally: love of knowledge). It is always knowledge for the sake of control, and it has most often been in the service of the state..."



A WOMAN saved 15 people lost at sea for 12 days by breast-feeding them.

Faustina Mercedes, 31 - now called "Little Angel of the Sea" - shared the breast milk once reserved for her year-old daughter in the Dominican Republic.

The eight men and seven women, economic refugees trying to reach Puerto Rico, took turns sucking on her breasts for just seconds a day for seven days.

They floated back to shore on the 12th day.

At The Drive-In 27/01/01 @ Hi Fi Bar, Melbourne, Oz... report

I knew this show would be good when I was issued with ticket no. 0101 for a Jan 01 show. The venue fits around 900 people and was pretty full regardless of the steep price - \$45AUS - compared with \$10 to see Canada's Dayglo Abortions in a pub the previous night and \$5-7 for local shows.

Having heard the way these people talk on stage, I now know where the comparisons to the MCS came from. It's not just the afros. The rhetoric they sprout sounds very similar in mood, attitude and vocabulary to the talking before and between songs on the Kick Out The Jams LP. Read on to see what I mean.

Excuse me for my ignorance, but I know all the band members' names, I just don't know which names belong to which faces. I'll mainly refer to the rhythm guitarist/keyboardist (RGK)[it's Jim] and the singer/synth effects/tambourinist (SINGER) [Omar], with a passing reference to the lead guitarist.

Jim - "Before we go on...we'd like to have a moment of silence for the girl who got hurt last night at the show, due to the irresponsibility of whoever was at fault. So if we could just have a moment of silence for the girl who's in the hospital right now and not feeling too good."

An idiot interrupted the silence, yelling, "Play a song!" and the singer told him to shut up.

Jim - (REALLY FUCKING ANGRY. He was trembling) "I want you all to think about if that was your girlfriend, or if that was your sister, or if that was your fucking mother. And I want you to think about that before you go and kill each other at the next show. And I realise that we as a band attract people that usually don't do that. And I hope that you guys don't do that tonight. We stopped playing in Sydney because we saw people getting hurt. And hopefully we're gonna start a trend with bands where if people are getting hurt, you stop fucking playing."

At this point the crowd cheered loudly.

"And it's one thing to applaud. Every time we say this people applaud, (but) what I wanna see is, if someone is bothering you, please talk to them. Please put your hand on their shoulder and ask them not to do it. Don't walk away. Don't lose your guts. Stop it! Please, if we have this shit happen tonight, like every fucking night, we will walk off. And what happens is we'll eventually stop touring. And then the battle is lost and it's lost to the morons. So don't be morons, please. Take care of each other. If you're down, jump up and down, shake your ass, dance.... There's a tonne of fucking room here. Don't push up - stay where you are and shake your ass."

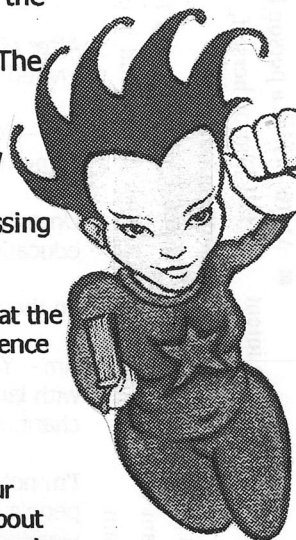
There was a huge roar from the crowd, then the band launched into "Arcarsenal", the opening track from 'Relationship of Command'. Without a break between songs, they played linking bits of noise, feedback, keyboard stuff and used samplers with vocal sounds live on stage and it turned into "Pattern Against User". So far they were playing the tracks from their current album in order. And the crowd was singing along to every word. At this point they stopped playing when the song finished and made a dedication.

Omar - "We may not play the same style of music as this gentleman...I dedicate this next song to Mr. Charles Mingus. And if you don't know who that is, you go out to your fucking indie store and you buy a fucking Charles Mingus record. You do that tomorrow, first thing in the fucking morning."

During this speech, some sampled voices were playing in the background (speaking from space?) and then the band played "Cosmonaut". I was right at the front, towards one side of the stage and the people around me were all going sick, dancing, singing and headbanging. No one was doing anything stupid. It must've been different towards the other side of the stage because they had barely finished the song when the singer pointed out some troublemakers.

Omar - "Hey! You guys. Chill the fuck out. I won't be afraid to kick you out. I'll give you your money back. I've got enough money to cover it. I see you moving in the side and in the back. Don't be doing that shit. I know your equilibrium in a little inebriated. Maybe go drink some water, that way you'll know that jumping up and down like that doesn't mean stepping on other people's toes, okay?... I'm a fucking underdog. I'm a geek. These are my people."

Festival of the Oppressed to Stop Business As Usual.



Myth - If you promise to keep a friend's suicidal plans 'a secret' you should always keep that promise
Fact - Suicidal plans should never be kept a secret

Myth - Relationship breakups are so common they will not cause a suicide
Fact - The loss of a relationship may precipitate a suicide

Myth - People who talk about suicide are just attention seeking
Fact - Suicidal behaviour, no matter how minor, should be listened to

Myth - Suicide occurs without warning
Fact - Eight out of ten people give warning signs of their suicidal intentions

Myth - People who talk about suicide won't do it
Fact - Talking about suicide is a cry for help and should be responded to

Myth – Once a person has decided to kill him or herself, no one can stop him or her

Fact – Suicide is a cry for help, not a wish to die, and it can be prevented

Myth – Suicidal people are intent on dying
Fact – Most people do not want to die, they want to end the intense emotional pain

Myth – Only certain types of people attempt, commit or think about suicide

Fact – Suicidal thoughts, feelings and actions can affect anyone

■ **Myth** – All suicidal people are crazy
Fact – The majority of suicidal people do not have a diagnosable mental illness

A16

- **Myth** – The tendency toward suicide is inherited
- **Fact** – Suicidal tendencies cannot be inherited

That was definitely the quote of the night, earning wild cheers and applause from the crowd. Next, the band played a song from their second album, 'In Casino Out'. It's the only ATD-I release I don't have, so I don't know what the song's called. I'd never heard it before. By way of introduction, the singer said, "This is on an independent label – before the hype." Straight from the end of that song, the distinctive sounds that come just before the start of "Sleepwalk Capsules" were played, and the singer spoke a short piece that was related to or drawn from the lyrics of that song, finishing with, "...and it was Lazarus who threw the party. And the emperor – he still wears no clothes." Recognising the words, the audience's excitement was uncontrollable. People sang along to this song the loudest.

After playing this song, the rhythm guitarist/keyboardist asked for the light to be turned on and then invited two guys up onto the stage:

Jim – “Okay, everybody right here that wants to beat each other up, come here. No, no, no! Seriously, come here coz you’re bothering all the people –

Omar – We're not gonna fight you, we just wanna make an example of you. Welcome to the re-education camp my friends.

So they got up on stage.

Jim – You guys can beat each other upright there in that corner and it'll be like the WWF. (Crowd roars with laughter) Only you're not as fat as them, and that's okay. No, no, it's cool. (Crowd starts chanting, "Out! Out! Out!")

I'm not sure exactly what he said after that, but he was trying to communicate in a language these people could understand by calling them 'bogans' (Aussie slang for guys who are stuck in the late 80s, wearing flannel shirts, ripped jeans, moccasins or thongs. They have long hair or mullets and enjoy beating people up and smashing things because they can't think of anything better to do). The crowd was in fits by this stage. That's the first time I've heard an American utter that word, and the pronunciation was hilarious.

Omar – (After having the bogans thrown out) "Thank-you for being cooperative with us. We're not trying to be assholes. We'd rather be the substitute teacher instead of the principal."

Jim – Just try, try all your great dance moves for now, alright? All the great dance moves. No fucking shit, alright? Shake your ass. Don't make me embarrassed to be white, alright?"

Omar – (voice sounding like Guy Picciotto) "And if anybody can show me that they got rhythm and soul, I will personally give you some free records. I wanna see a bunch of real dancers out there..."

At this point they were starting to play "Rolodex Propoganda". During this song I turned around to Mandi and told her that the singer moves like Guy except he doesn't hump the floor. About three songs later, he started floor-humping for only a few seconds. At the end of the song, the rhythm guitarist again made an appeal to the crowd, saying, "Don't forget to take care of yourself, alright? If somebody's bothering you.... We're not the cops, man. You're the cops."

The singer dedicated the next song to a specific group of over 500 women in Mexico who I assume were killed, saying:

Omar – “Those are reasons like that, that we don’t like people to get over-violent with each other, because we come from a place where Catholicism and being Mexican and being macho, combined with wine or domestic violence, are pretty much shit on the Juárez women in Mexico – which is pretty much a five minute walk from where we live in El Paso. This is a subject that police like to sweep underneath the rug. And when the police were confronted with this subject matter, all the cops could say was, ‘She shouldn’t have been dressing like that.’ And, ‘She shouldn’t have been at that nightclub at that time.’ And I don’t know about you, but I think that’s a bunch of fucking bullshit. (Applause)... I mean at least we’re fucking trying [WHAT THE FUCK HAVE *YOU* DONE!!!!] At least we can say something about it out loud. And if you can write the website <casa a mia.com>. Create pressure. Educate the police down there...and that way we can discover who it is that is killing all the women in Juárez, Mexico. And that way there won’t be any more members of the Invalid Litter Department.”

Myth – Adolescents who are suicidal will tell their parents instead of their friends
Fact – Studies have shown that up to 90 per cent of adolescents tell their peers

Myth — A person who attempts suicide and fails will not try again **Fact** — For every five people who take their own lives, four have made one or more previous attempts

Myth — Most suicides happen late at night

Fact—Most suicides happen in late afternoon or early evening when there is more chance of rescue because people are ambivalent and do not really want to die.

Myth – Asking someone if they are feeling suicidal will put the idea into their head

Fact – Asking about suicide directly and openly allows the suicidal person to communicate. It will not put the idea into their head

■ **Myth** – It is not a suicide if there is no note

■ **Fact** – Only a small proportion of people (less than 25 per cent) leave a suicide note

Myth – When a depression lifts, the suicide crisis is over

Fact – When the person feels better, it's easier to carry through with a suicide

Sun licked

SCIENTISTS have developed a lick-resistant sun-tan lotion for dogs and cats to protect them from skin cancer.

Veterinary company Bi-meda says the product had been tested successfully on humans.

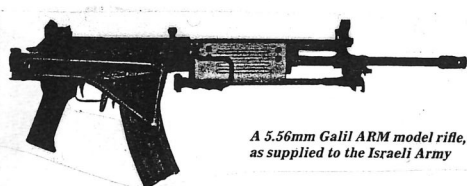
LONDON — A British vet has glued toy wheels to a disabled tortoise to help it get around.

"It came to me that I could use Lego wheels to help paraplegic tortoises," Stuart McArthur said.

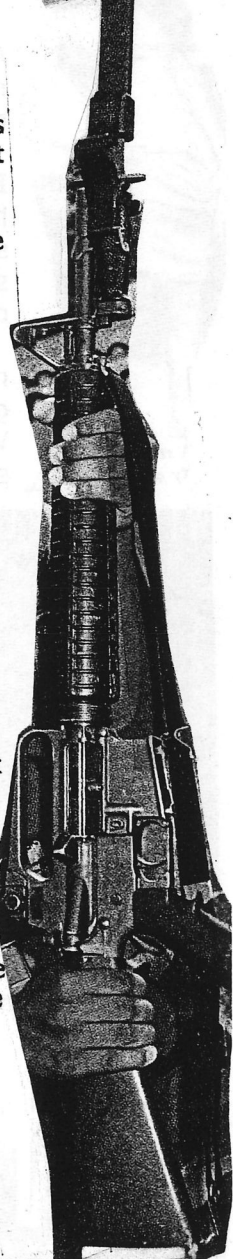
He used a strong glue to attach a plastic base to the underside of the shell of Doris, a 50-year-old tortoise with a degenerative disease. The wheels were then fixed to the base.

"This is a very serious issue and we are doing this to help the tortoise achieve a better quality of life," he told London's *Daily Telegraph*. **AFP**

LEGO Rock! Wheels speed up tortoise



A 5.56mm Galil ARM model rifle, as supplied to the Israeli Army



With that, that played my favourite track from 'Relationship' – "Invalid Litter Dept.", with the crowd singing the refrain, "Dancing on the corpses' ashes". Between this song and the next, the singer went into a rant while there was conga drum sounds on the keyboards/samplers. The beat turned into a drum 'n' bass-like beat and the lead guitarist was fiddling around on his guitar. The singer continued talking and then "One-Armed Scissor" started. The crowd was jumping up and down and we inevitably had another lecture on the way. During the song, the singer included the lyrics, "Chill the fuck out", and the guitarist was silently pleading with an audience member. As soon as the song finished the rhythm guitarist started again:

Jim – "Yo! We fucking asked so many times, man. We asked when everyone around you is pointing at you and saying you're being kind of a jerk, man. I'm sorry you've probably had too many beers and like I have too many beers so many nights. You don't understand. I know what you're going through, man. I'm a drunk. Believe me. Yeah."

All the people around the subject of this rant were pointing at him and making noises of disapproval.

Jim – "See, it's a democracy my man, it's a democracy."

He got pulled up on stage with the help of a rent-a-cop and people were shouting, "Fuck off", "Loser" and Sharon made the contribution, "Show us your tits!"

Omar – It's just totally funny you know. It's, like, all of a sudden now that, y'know, our band has got this recognition and all this kinda like stupid fucking bullshit media hype, like we attract these, like, fucking guys who would've sooner kicked my ass in high school. I mean, I don't understand. Because when I walk down the streets in the States, I live every day in fear because I'm gonna get my ass kicked because people think that I'm gay. And even if I was gay – who gives a flying fuck, y'know? It's really odd how you attract the wrong kind of people because you just write something that is somewhat aggressive."

Someone in the part of the crowd where the guy had just been pulled out of asked what gives them the right to kick people out, and he replied, "It's our show. That's what gives us the right." He then offered the mike to the guy, who said, "Everyone here is having a good time. Fuck! There's no bullshit." And the singer asked, "Who agrees? Who's having a good time right here getting kicked?" A few people cheered. Then he asked, "Who does not like that?" A much bigger group with more female voices cheered...

Omar – "That's why I gave you the microphone. We're trying to be just as cool and understanding. And we're digging your participation. It's just that At The Drive-In are five people that do not want to be the soundtrack to violence and/or mach insensitivity.... We're gonna go on and we're gonna play a slow dance."

Jim – "We're gonna bore the fuck out of you."

The singer finally gave a brief explanation of the next song as the band started to play "Quarantined". During the song, the rhythm guitarist started speaking to the crowd, saying, "There's no reason you should be a woman and be scared to go to a rock show. And there's no reason you should be a small person and be scared to go to a rock show. And there's gonna be more of us and we're not gonna shut the fuck up. We're gonna keep coming at 'em. We're gonna change shit." The reverb/echo on his mike really helped to let the message sink in.

Between this song and the next, some break-beats were coming out of the synthesiser and the singer said, "We're gonna show you how we like to dance" as "Enfilade" began and he started moving around the stage like an elastic band. That song led straight into an explanation of the next song – probably my favourite and many of my friends' favourite ATD-I songs. It's also from 'In Casino Out' but I had the incredible luck of accidentally taping it off the radio just over a year ago (thanks to Stuart Harvey on the Mondo Bizarro show, 8-10pm, Sundays, 3RRRfm, 102.7MHz, Melbourne). I don't know what it's called. The singer described how two people died, saying:

Omar – "All I know is, this is why I play music. For my two friends – for our two friends, for Sarah and Laura. I really pray and I wish that...you were here with me right now because I will always miss you. And this is my punishment, and this is forever."

After mesmerising us with this song, they left, with no encore, after playing for just over an hour.

■ **Myth** – People who abuse substances rarely commit suicide

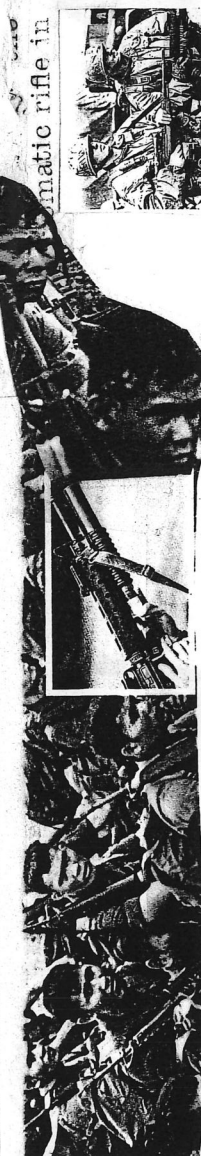
Fact – Those who abuse drugs or alcohol are at a higher risk of committing suicide

■ **Myth** – Suicidal people have not recently seen a doctor

Fact – Up to 75 per cent of people visited a doctor within three months before completing suicide

■ **Myth** – Once people are suicidal, they always will be, and they are beyond help

Fact – The suicidal crisis is generally of a brief duration



FIREARMS HANDBOOK
Main picture: Infantry troops of the Royal Thai Army, armed with M16 rifles, listen to instructions during the joint military exercise between the Royal Thai and US Army Exercise Cobra Gold 97. Some of the rifles are equipped with M203 grenade launchers

■ **Myth** – Terminally ill people are most likely to commit suicide
Fact – Most terminally ill people do not commit suicide

AT THE DRIVE-IN

IN SUMMARY:

Intro – a moment of silence for injured Sydney grrl; (who ended up dying a few days later)

- "Arcarsenal"
- "Pattern Against User"
- Dedication to Charles Mingus – "Cosmonaut"
- "I'm a fucking underdog. I'm a geek. These are my people."
- A track from 'In Casino Out' which I don't know. Lyrics: "It all makes sense now" (lopsided)
- "Sleepwalk Capsules"
- WWF comp on stage...bogans... "Shake your ass, not your fists"
- "Rolodex Propaganda"
- Dedication to Mexican women – "Invalid Litter Dept."
- "One-Armed Scissor"
- Kicked out drunk guy – discussed it with audience. "At The Drive-In are five people that do not want to be the soundtrack to violence and/or macho insensitivity."
- "Quarantined"
- "Enfiade"
- Another song from 'In Casino Out' LP. Repeated lyrics: "This is forever" (Napoleon solo)

TROUBLE
in
JULY



After five minutes of calling for an encore and applauding, we gave up when the lights and music were turned on. Other tracks I would have liked to have heard are "Porfirio Diaz" from the '96 album, 'Acrobatic Tenement' and "Rascuache" from the Vaya EP (1999).

I'm still not sure whether they walked out because they were pissed off or whether that's how long their usual set is. They played 9 out of 12 songs from their current album plus two songs from their last album. There's also an older LP and EP that was released after their second album. If you haven't heard them still, (where have you been?) and you like Fugazi, check them out.

I don't care about the whole Grand royal/EMI thing. They've always been a good band and now they're just getting the recognition they deserve (while being milked for cash) and they get to tour places like Australia where I never expected to see them even three months ago. When it was announced that they were coming here I was dumbfounded, but only for a few seconds before squealing and jumping out of bed. What a wake-up call!

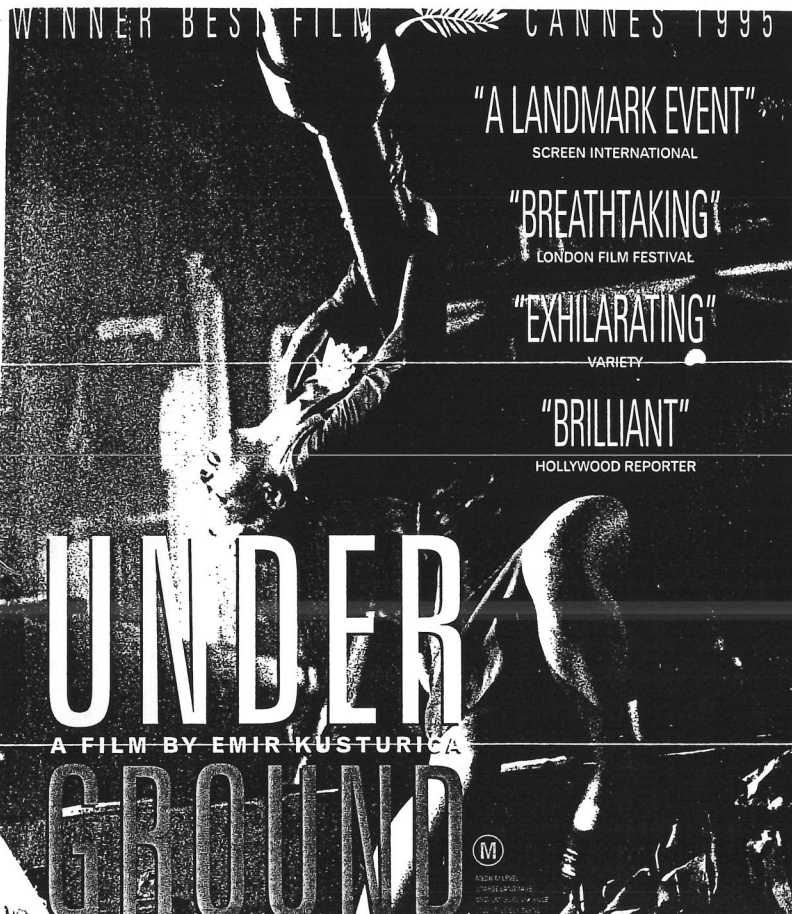


NO MEANS NO

**RAPE IS NOT SEX
NOT FUN
RAPE IS VIOLENCE**

**ABUSE
MISERY
CAUSING PAIN
UNHAPPINESS
SUFFERING
DISTRESS**

The struggle against rape is not easy. Rape will exist for as long as we live in a society based on capitalism and patriarchy. Rape will exist for as long as women are treated as lumps of meat, to be abused and then disposed of. Rape will exist until men come to terms with what is going on in our heads, until we try to change and challenge all the stereotyping, all the roles, all the power. It is vital that men act against sexism and sexual violence - from becoming aware of our own behaviour to attacking institutions that uphold women's oppression. Rape is not a 'women's issue', 'a problem for women'. IT IS OUR PROBLEM.



Victorian Community Council Against Violence
Level 6, 232 Victoria Parade, East Melbourne, VIC 3002

Telephone (03) 9412 6639
Facsimile (03) 9412 6640

Women's Domestic Violence Crisis Service
24 hour, 7 day-crisis line (03) 9329 8433 or
1800 015 188 (toll free call in Victoria)
Provides information, support and access to safe
accommodation/refuge for women and their children.
Administration Line (03) 9329 8525 (Mon-Fri)
Domestic Violence and Incest Resource Centre
Telephone: (03) 9387 9155 (9am-1pm Mon-Fri)
Provides telephone counselling, information and advice
to survivors of incest and domestic violence.
Immigrant Women's Domestic Violence Service
Telephone (03) 9898 3145 (business hours)
Provides support and information to immigrant women
in refuges in their primary language.

Victorian Aboriginal Health Service

Telephone: (03) 9419 3000

Provides a range of health services, counselling and
general support services for the Aboriginal community.

Aboriginal Legal Service

Telephone: (03) 9419 3888

Provides free legal advice and representation to
members of the Aboriginal community.

WIRE (Women's Information and Referral Exchange)

Telephone: (03) 9654 6844

Provides telephone counselling, advice and referral
to women.

Women's Legal Resource Group

Telephone: (03) 9642 0343

Provides telephone legal advice and referral.

Federation of Community Legal Centres

Telephone: (03) 9602 4949

Will refer you to your local Community Legal
Centre for free legal advice.

Victoria Legal Aid

Telephone: (03) 9269 0120

Country callers 1800 677402

Provides free legal advice and representation.

Women's Health Victoria

Telephone: (03) 9662 3742

Provides information and advice about women's health
issues and can refer to Women's Health Services in
your region.

Community Health Centres

Community Health Centres are listed in
the White Pages.

Translating and Interpreting Service (TIS)

131 450 free call (Australia wide service) 24 hours
If you do not speak English you can ring this number
and they can provide an interpreter.

Metropolitan Outreach Services

Eastern Metro: Ringwood (03) 9870 5439

Northern Metro: Coburg (03) 9384 1978

Southern Metro: Frankston (03) 9781 4658

Mentone (03) 9585 0272

Cranbourne (03) 5996 6411

Rosebud (03) 5982 2863

Springvale (03) 9546 3466 (Mon & Tues)

Inner Southern: St Kilda

(03) 9534 6089

Western Metro: Footscray

(03) 9689 9588

Rural Outreach Services

Barwon South West: Geelong (03) 5224 2903

Warrnambool (03) 5561 1934

Hamilton (03) 5571 1778

Camperdown (03) 5593 1370

(Tuesday & Thursday)

Portland (03) 5521 7937

(Tuesday)

Grampians: Horsham (03) 5381 1663

Ballarat (03) 5333 3666

Ararat/Stawell (03) 5358 3700

Loddon Mallee: Mildura (03) 5022 3444

Bendigo (03) 5443 4945

Gippsland: Warragul

(03) 5623 4168

Morwell

(03) 5134 1588

Hume: Wodonga

(03) 6056 1550

Shepparton

(03) 5831 2012

Brundford

(03) 5784 1306

Wangaratta

(03) 5721 8277

Centres Against Sexual Assault provide counselling,
support, and information to recent and past survivors
of sexual assault. After hours contact the Statewide
Service.

CASA's are located throughout Victoria:

METROPOLITAN

CASA House Carlton

Gatehouse Centre, Royal Children's Hospital, Flemington (03) 9345 6391

Western CASA, Footscray

Northern CASA, Heidelberg

Eastern CASA, East Ringwood

South East CASA, East Bentleigh

STATEWIDE AFTER HOURS

RURAL

Geelong Rape Crisis Centre

South Western CASA, Warrnambool

Ballarat Sexual Assault Centre

Wimmera CASA, Horsham

Loddon Campaspe CASA, Bendigo

Mallee Sexual Assault Unit, Mildura

Goulburn Valley CASA, Shepparton

Upper Murray CASA, Wangaratta

Gippsland CASA, Morwell

AFTER HOURS RURAL CALL

Crisis Line

(03) 9344 2210

(03) 9345 6391

(03) 9687 5811

(03) 9496 5770

(03) 9870 7330

(03) 9550 2289

(03) 9349 1766

(03) 5222 4802

(03) 5563 1277

(03) 5320 4487

(03) 5381 9111

(03) 5441 0430

(03) 5022 3444

(03) 5831 2343

(03) 5722 2203

(03) 5134 3922

1800 806 292

Court Network - Telephone (03) 9603 7433

Free call 1800 681 614

Provides support for people attending court. In some courts
it provides specialist support for people applying for intervention
orders. Ring the above number for further information.

Men's Referral Service - Telephone (03) 9685 9814, 6pm-9pm all
weekdays and also 1pm-4pm Wednesdays.

Provides information, support and referral to services for men
who are violent or abusive in the home and want to change
their behaviour.

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ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

violence (say vie-a-l'nce) noun

a) the state of being violent b) violent behaviour

do violence to a) to injure or damage by rough treatment; b) to distort the meaning of.

violent (say vie-a-l'nt) adjective

having or showing great strength or power. (Heinemann Australian Dictionary, 2nd edn, HEA, Richmond, 1980, p. 1195).

66 DEFAMATION has been described as:

A statement which may tend to lower the plaintiff in the estimation of right-thinking (!) members of society generally, or

A publication without justification which is calculated to injure the reputation of another by exposing him to hatred, contempt or ridicule." (my emphasis)

(from the Community Broadcasting Association of Australia Handbook, Chapter on Media Law)

Violence is commonly perceived as being a physical phenomenon. That is to say that when most people think of 'violent' perpetrators, they think of basters, rapists, weapons experts or 'sick' people. When thinking of victims of violence, what images do you conjure up? Bruised, battered women? Children with welts? Effeminate boys raped for looking like 'faggots'? Somehow I find it difficult to imagine a strong, healthy man as a victim of violence. But it's possible. It is possible for anyone, regardless of race, age, gender, sexual preference, religion, creed, ability or personality type to be a victim of violence in a different form: words.

I have always said that in comparison to emotional scars, physical pain is fleeting. Remember the old adage from primary school:

"Sticks and stones may break my bones but names will never hurt me"?

It's impossible to forget as it has been used in countless forms with the words altered in songs, books and merchandise. (I once saw an apron with a picture of a sexual deviant and the words: "sticks and stones may break my bones but whips and chains excite me"). The funny thing about the original rhyme is how wrong it is. It's almost like the kids who used to say it were experts in reverse psychology. Well it's not just names that have the power to hurt people.

I find that one of the rudest things I could do is to pretend to be nice to someone who I don't give a shit about. A couple of years ago I had an argument about this on the train. My friend Kelli believed that you have to be friendly to everyone and I told her it was dishonest. Why should I pretend to like someone when I really don't care whether they live or die? She just thought it was common courtesy to APPEAR friendly regardless of what you really feel. I ended up kinda winning the argument because this guy sitting next to me who had a shaved head and was reading a chunky volume lifted his head and interrupted us, telling Kelli he agreed with me. He probably just wanted us to shut up so that he could concentrate on his book but I could've hugged him... But I didn't. So where do you draw the line? When do you hide your true emotions and when do you reveal them? I suppose everyone has different systems of gauging when it is appropriate to be themselves and when they would rather remain faceless. Although that's when you're dealing with relative strangers.

The people with the most potential to hurt you with their words (or lack thereof) are those closest to you. I mean why should you care if a complete stranger vilifies you in some way? They don't know you and you probably know better. I always say something like this to myself: "So-and-so THINKS I'm a slut or a lesbian or that I'm slow but I KNOW the truth". There is such a thing as defamation where someone can defame you by publicising a fact about you. But truth is no defence if you are offended by their comment. In the state of Victoria, if someone broadcasts or publicises a fact about me which I believe will lower my social standing, and then goes ahead and proves that it's true, truth is no defence for them and I can still take one of two courses of action: I could either sue for damages, or demand a public apology and retraction of the statement. So even in the legal system - which is meant to be the great arbiter of fact and fiction - truth is not always valued.

Kelli is not the only person I know who chooses to hide her true thoughts and feelings for the sake of charity. The vast majority of people would have at some stage lied or bent the truth a little so as not to hurt someone's feelings. It's something I'm guilty of too. I only have a problem with people who make it their habit. Flatterers, charmers or people who want something in return for being super-nice. It seems that those who learn to suck ass from a young age are those most likely to ^(suck seed?) succeed in a capitalist, dog-eat-dog society such as ours. Brown nosers are the ones who receive grants for research or art projects or work their way into senior management in companies. But they never really get to run the company. That's best left to the megalomaniacs.

This is an important realisation because it means that the intentions of these liars may not have ever been to dominate or show 'great strength or power' (see definition of violent). Yet it's those people with the best intentions who have the most power to fuck with your brain. I will give an example.

SCENARIO A

Lisa and Heather are both 15. They go to the same school and are good friends. Lisa's mum wants her to get a job so she applies at the local fast food store and gets a job flipping burgers. Three months later she gets promoted to serving customers and tells Heather that there's work available if she wants it. Heather isn't really interested in the job but would like some income so she goes and works there, doing Lisa's old job. A year later Lisa is promoted to supervisor and Heather is trained in customer service. Heather hates dealing with customers and tells the manager she would rather keep working in the kitchen. The manager entices her with extra shifts (more money) but Heather would prefer less hours so she can focus on her homework and sporting activities. The manager lets her keep flipping burgers. Six months later, Lisa is promoted to Second In Charge. She is often running the restaurant when the manager isn't there and she starts ringing Heather and asking her to fill in for customer service people when they don't show up. Because Lisa is her friend, Heather finds it difficult to say no. She goes from working an average of 10 hours per week to an average of 18. Her grades suffer and she sometimes misses out on basketball training. Lisa is happy she can rely on her friend while Heather becomes resentful and feels used. Heather wants to tell Lisa how she feels but Lisa avoids talking about work outside of work hours.

In this case it is not the truth that is hurting Heather but a lack of ★ communication about her true feelings. 'Violence' here is literally an exertion of power and control over Heather by Lisa, not only because of their traditional work relationship as boss and employee, but because of their existing relationship as friends who are supposed to help each other out. This friendship is an unspoken contract between them and what they really need to do is discuss how their work relationship differs from the terms of their friendship. But Lisa will not allow that discussion to take place. She is comfortable in her current situation and does not want to give Heather the opportunity to change it. What is most irritating from an observer's point of view is that Lisa is completely oblivious to the need to talk. She is not maliciously intending to cause pain for Heather. She is merely upholding the status quo and sees no need for communication.

* lack of comm

There are so many other ways that you could possibly cause more harm to someone by what you don't say than by what you say. I often get myself into trouble by speaking the truth. Some people might say that I lack tact but I still choose my words very carefully. I can employ tact if I want to but I often think it is a way of masking the truth so I choose not to use it. It amazes me how frequently people don't want to hear the truth. Wouldn't you rather I told you that you had earwax dripping out of your left ear than have 100 people stare at you, thinking you have personal hygiene problems, until you discover it yourself? Wouldn't you rather a shop assistant tell you that the tight-fitting skirt and top don't suit your figure and you should go for the A-line dress with the same print instead? I would. I might not listen but at least she's shared her opinion.

Last year in Sydney during a Reclaim The Streets action where a freeway was blocked off with barricades so that a (short) street rave can take place, the NSW police force used the phrase 'Silence Is Violence' to describe the action. The logic was that because the protesters took action without notifying the police first, they were imposing their views on the rest of the community (namely drivers who were delayed by the action). Even though I thought the RTS action was inspirational, I understand where the police were coming from. Silence is often a form of violence. Obvious examples include: witnesses not reporting crimes; mothers ignoring their husbands' child abuse; hit-and-run accidents; or depriving people of the knowledge they need to make up their own minds.

Another form of silence as violence is when people just end a friendship for no apparent reason and refuse to talk about it. It's happened to me on many occasions. I have also been the initiator of these situations, but I did it more when I was younger. Now I try to at least let people know a bit about my reasoning. I wrote a 10-page treatment for a feature length film script based loosely on one of my ex-friends, Pauline. We were friends for a year and a half and she disappeared as suddenly as she had appeared. It turned out that she didn't want any contact with any of the people she had known. I was not part of the reason she cut her ties with the group, but because I knew the other people who caused her to run, she didn't want anything to do with me either. That was over five years ago now but I still sometimes wonder what she's doing and hope she's alright.

ANOTHER VERY DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE:

Thought for today

'In human relations kindness and lies are worth a thousand truths' — Graham Greene (1904-1991).

- The most disturbing form of spoken violence from friends is when
- * someone alternates between being friendly and being silent. I don't know whether they have a hidden agenda or a split personality but it should be outlawed for being a form of torture. Say, for example, you meet someone who you find interesting and spend a fair bit of time getting to know that person. You talk about a variety of topics, including both of your past experiences, interests, hobbies, plans, goals, relationships with others, families and dreams. You make an effort to stay in touch with your new friend either by meeting up occasionally, writing to him or exchanging phone numbers. Both of you lead busy lifestyles but you still manage to stay in touch because that's what friends do. Then, all of a sudden something changes. You still see each other occasionally but your friend stops calling or writing. You call a few times and every time you do, your friend still seems the same as before. You accidentally run into him at a few places and he is still enthusiastic about your friendship. But he makes no effort to perpetuate it. Then you call and he sounds distant and even afraid on the phone. As if you are too enthusiastic. But he never talks about it. He never tells you what he is afraid of. He never asks you not to call. He always promises to call back but never does. Why? You cannot assume what the answer is. But how do you talk about something that is all based on assumptions? That is the true violence of silence. When not knowing something just eats you up inside and slowly kills you.

If anyone has any similar experiences they would like to share with readers or with me, please don't hesitate to write to the AMF PO Box or email address. If you have any answers to my rhetorical questions could you please let me know what they are. I'm confused. I don't really have a conclusion to this story so if you could help me to formulate one, I would really appreciate your contribution. Thanks. Emily 28/3/2001

LISTENING MATERIAL: "Liar" - Rollins Band AND "Promises" - Fugazi:

"(Words/Words and expressions/All these confessions/of where we stand/How I see you/And you see me/Dedications of symmetry/Together we will be/Forever/Promises are shit/We speak the way we breathe/Present air will have to do/Rearrange and see it through/Stupid fucking words/They tangle us in our desires/Free me from this give and take/Free me from this great debate//.../Promises/Words."

* * * * *
 * BUMPER STICKER OF the YEAR: * * * * *
 * SPEED ON BROTHER! HELL AIN'T FULL YET *
 * * * * *

Score some

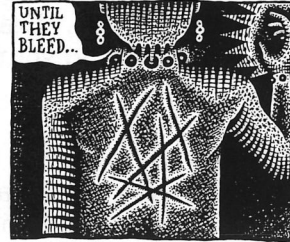
HATE!



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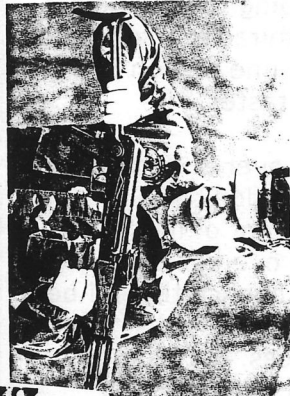
twenty



FIREARMS HANDBOOK

Above: a member of the 63rd Field Maintenance Squadron fires a Soviet made AK-47 rifle during Operation Adept Warrior, at the National Training Center, Fort Irwin, California, July 1984

Below: a Tech Sgt demonstrates the use of a Romanian made 7.62mm AKM assault rifle during Exercise Volant Scorpion, at Little Rock Air Force Base, Arkansas, 1984



36



FASCINATING TOYS and
Fanciful Curiosities
for a
Modern World!

I WAS strapped by the nuns in the 50s and the smell of leather still excites me.
Camilla Swallock, Heidelberg

BLOOMING HELL by Emily 26/12/2000

In many ways I've always been a late starter.

Aside from being born early and starting to speak, sing and read very early, I've been late in a lot of key areas. Crawling, walking, growing adult teeth, boy-chasing, driving. Even when I wanted to do something it would take me a while to get started. (Like getting to the point of this story).

I've always liked music. All kinds of music. I know for sure that I was made to listen to AC/DC at a very young age, courtesy of my brother. So I listened to heavy music. I first started choosing to listen to heavy music when I'd make my sister play some of the records she'd won selling raffle tickets in primary school. Shit like Suzi Quatro. And I'd watch Video Hits from the age of about nine, hanging out to see the likes of Bon Jovi, Motley Crue, Skid Row and Warrant. At the same time I 'borrowed' my sister's tape of Deep Purple's *Made In Japan* indefinitely. I still play it sometimes...it's good driving music. But for all my dabblings with radio, TV, tapes and records, I didn't bother going to a live gig until I was 16. And even then it was only coz it was free and by some miracle, I convinced a whole group of people I knew only vaguely to go with me. There was one person in the group from my school and I never liked her but we had similar musical tastes.

I could have just given up right there. I could have let pessimism take over and just decide that since all these people in this group like the same music as me and I don't like any of them as people, that they're all like that. But then what would be the point of living if I went around thinking like that? Besides, I liked myself enough to have overcome suicidal leanings by that stage, so if I liked my own taste in music, there was a chance there'd be at least one other person out there somewhere - hopefully in Melbourne - who liked similar music to me AND who I liked as a person. Well, there were a few chances, but I never factored in the possibility that they might not like me...

I thought by going to live gigs I would be in my element, amongst other people like me. But after going to my first few gigs, I distinguished a pattern made up of little other than consumption. All these kids were well-trained little consumers, going to get their dose of music in exchange for the prescribed amount of cash. Having their 'cultural experience', being 'provided with entertainment' and then going back to their boring existence. I'm not excluding myself from this description. I did the same thing because I didn't know any better. In many ways, this consumption choice was not much more significant than selecting a brand of gum at the kiosk in Richmond Station before walking one minute down the street to the Corner Hotel to queue along the wall, waiting for the doors to open.

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The Tasmanian Writers' Centre

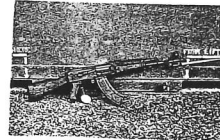
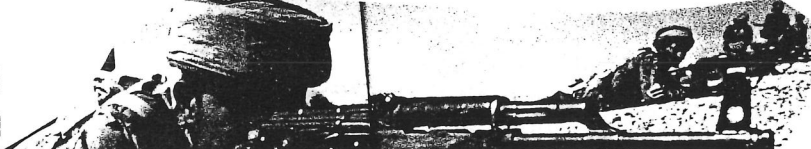
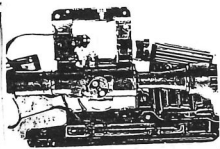
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I always fell into the same trap of getting incredibly excited about a gig right up until I arrived there, and then remembering what the actual experience was really like. All the stares I copped in the queue made it seem like I was waiting for an eternity for those bloody doors. Once inside, it was alright as long as a band was on stage. That's what I was there for. But as soon as the music stopped, I lived in dread until the next band came on. Everyone already knew I was by myself because they'd seen me earlier. What I kept thinking was, "I know there is nothing wrong with me. I have friends. It's just that they don't like the same music as me." The problem was that these people didn't know that.

MUNCH
"The Scream"



How come they all seemed to have friends who were into the same music as them? Was there a higher percentage of weirdos at their schools? I didn't get it. I tried blaming my friends for not compromising, but then I wouldn't go to dance parties with them... I tried making friends with other people at school who I knew liked the same stuff as me. It didn't work. You can't force a friendship just because it suits you. Sometimes I'd see a younger girl from my school at a gig. I'd latch onto her because she was a familiar face - even though I'd barely said hello to her before. Then she'd make some excuse about joining her friends and I'd rush to the toilets and wait till the end of soundcheck. I felt so pathetic!

I dreaded having to start going to over-18 gigs and becoming one of the people I despised - sitting down and hiding behind a drink. So I didn't really do anything for about a year. Then shortly after I turned 19 I was introduced to a new friend by one of my hip-hop / r'n'b-fan friends. Simon was into the goth scene but was also interested in metal and a bit of punk. And he was very open to compromise. So instead of having to swap one pub night for a techno night with my high school friends (eew!) I could experience various subcultures - some of which both Simon and I liked and others than one of us had more of an interest in (S&M/goth/darkwave VS. metal/punk/rock). Of course I'd still go out alone occasionally, but now I'd do it in a completely different mood. Going out alone was something different instead of my only option.

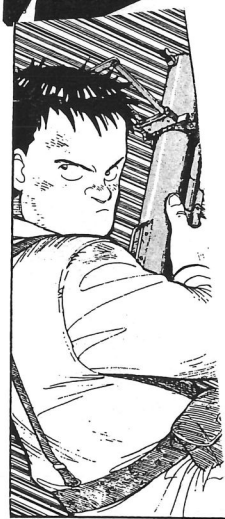
Still, there was something missing. I had convinced myself that if I could find one person to go out with, I would be happy. And I was for a while but it was still just me and him against the world. I didn't want to be *against* a crowd I thought I should be part of. But when the music stopped, the crowd just wasn't inviting (except for the drunk individuals within that crowd. And I wasn't sure I wanted to accept their invitations). It was back to the same problem of music appreciation being the only commonality between the people at these gigs. So I searched for answers by making a documentary. The final product was pretty shitty, but the research I did to make the doco introduced me to the person who introduced me to hardcore. His name was Jesse and he was a student at Maryland University in the USA. We were both on an anarchy discussion list on e-mail and he went by the name 'Jess' and spoke passionately about wimmin's rights (his spelling). So I just assumed 'Jess' was a Jessica with a huge chip on her shoulder and a problem vocal range. (S/he complained about finding it difficult to sing along to Sleater Kinney because s/he was a low tenor. Boy was I confused!) Anyway Jess asked me about Aussie hardcore and being the anal-retentive nerd I am, I could never answer with "exsqueeze me but what the fuck is hardcore?" I needed to do some research. By some fluke, I managed to pick up a flier that read 'AN ALL AGES HARDCORE EXTRAVAGANZA!' almost immediately. and then I waited for the date to come.

It was with Simon that I went to my first hardcore show. I immediately recognised it as something different and so did he (He never came to another one). Even though I spoke very briefly to Emily and Sarah at that show, I went to the next few alone and didn't really interact with anyone. I was too busy trying to absorb as much energy as I could. Unlike the video for that one-hit-wonder band Blind Melon and their song "No Rain", I wasn't automatically accepted as part of 'the group' or scene or whatever. But I felt like it was something I could definitely be a part of.

The first few things that impressed me, in no particular order were the following:

- There were people of all ages going absolutely sick without the aid of alcohol;
- The same people who were in bands sat on the door and sold their own tapes;
- There was no stage!!!
- Everyone sang into the microphone;
- It was small and intimate;
- I'd never heard of any of the bands, ever, anywhere, and they were good;
- The tapes were only \$3!
- (After reading the tape sleeve) At least one of the bands was into politics, not only as a form of sloganeering, but as a way of life.

From then on I was hooked, and eventually after about six months as a tourist, I actually ended up as the bee girl at the end of the video, dancing with all the other bee-people. I have since 'supported the scene' (A cliché. I prefer to say, "contributed to *our* community") by going to as many shows as I can, helping out, doing a zine, setting up a couple of shows, taking photos and making videos, and, most importantly, trying to welcome the new people.



gun



So that's how it came to be that I 'discovered' hardcore when I was 20 and decided to make a commitment to the only community I've ever really felt like a part of around the time of my 21st birthday. At a time when many people are getting expensive presents, partying or starting to plan their 'Serious Futures', I made my choice between getting a Real Job and doing what I wanted to do. I chose the latter option - which let me to putting together #1 of my zine, becoming an active member of the Melbin HC community / movement (scene sounds stagnant), going straight and becoming involved in activism through culture-jamming. I'd better stop now before this turns into a new story. Um - yeah that's it. that was about 18 months ago, so I'm well on the way to becoming a geriatric now. Just check out all the rambling. A sure-fire sign...

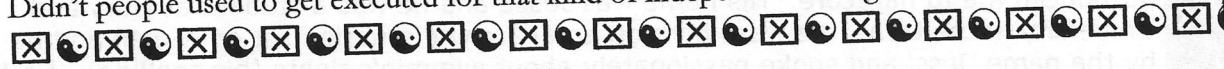


Photograph by Jerry Bauer
Sign by Henrietta Condak

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afterthoughts and endnotes

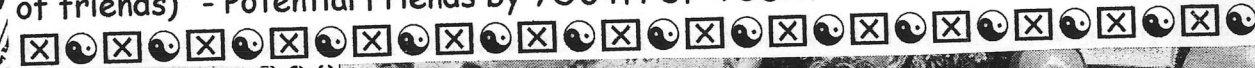
- ① Concerts were events to look forward to. Now a show is still something I look forward to but it's much more of a regular occurrence. They don't happen more frequently, I just go to all of them.
- ② This isn't really that relevant, but I was excited when I found out on January 21 so I have to share. I found out that my friend Woody, who I've seen at all ages hardcore shows over the last 2 years, used to go to the same underage events I went to when I was 16-17. And I remember him. We were talking about going to gigs alone because no one our age likes the same music as us. But he is coming from the opposite extreme. I remembered him from a Corner gig with Magic Dirt, Frenzal Rhomb, SPDFGH and Hurter which i saw when i was 16. He was the 9-year-old who I was looking out for and making sure that there was room so he wouldn't get squashed because he was so little compared to everyone else! I think it's so cool how he'd just go to gigs by himself without any outside influences (ie. he wasn't dragged along by older siblings - he just went because he wanted to). And now he's 15 and he still does the same thing. Although now he watches bands people my age like and no one his age gets into. And I watch bands younger people like. So we're different facets of the same personality disorder - the one where you stay true to yourself regardless of trends. Didn't people used to get executed for that kind of independent thought?



☒ Take the easy way to be accepted
I'd rather be myself and be rejected ☒

Enough Is Enough by REFUSED

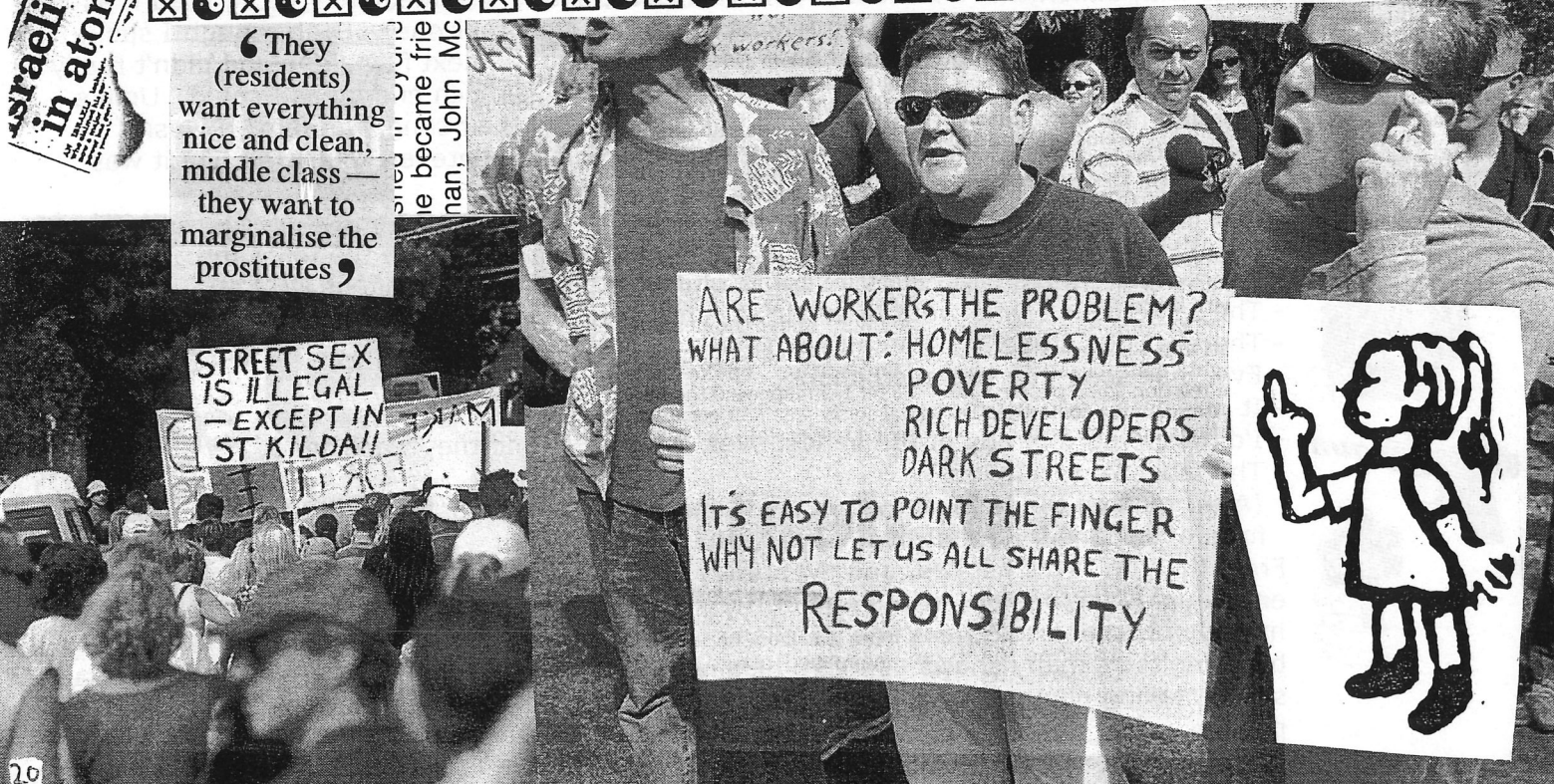
"(Feeling awkward, afraid/Potential friends I do not make/.../We could be the best of friends)" - Potential Friends by YOUTH OF TODAY



Israeli vanishes in atom risk

They (residents) want everything nice and clean, middle class — they want to marginalise the prostitutes

he became frie nan, John Mc



DAYGLO ABORTIONS [The Arthouse, Melbin, Jan 26, 2001]

w/ Vicious Circle, Vicious (Brisbane) & No Idea.

I'm so glad I saw this band.

They were veteran 'punk rockers'. Punk in the sense of doing whatever the hell you want to do and singing about the most offensive, disgusting things you can think of so you can piss off people with conservative values. Their idea of fun was feeding the front row of the crowd beer and having beer spat and sprayed into their faces. It was funny. Even when I had beer sprayed on me. Any straight-edgers who can't understand the humour in these practices are living in a closed-off fantasy world. Did I mention they played REALLY well and also played the longest set I've ever seen a punk band do (well over an hour)? And they reminded me of Headcase and the Softcocks in attitude. It was obvious the band members were enjoying themselves and I'm glad I could be of assistance in some way. (I didn't get involved with the beer, but their on-stage antics made me laugh out loud and the band members appreciated that the crowd was having fun).

They were also the only band I've seen whose singer had a wireless mike (BYO I suppose). It was great. He tried to start a conga line at one stage and danced around the whole pub. He also walked across the bar. There was moshing, stage-diving and slam dancing, and as usual, no one got hurt aside from maybe a few scratches and bruises. This was a very different scenario to the At The Drive-In show the following night. I really don't know whether I agree with telling people not to mosh. I enjoy it. I usually get my toes trodden on or a bruise or a scratch on something, but I see it as a crowd bonding exercise and thoroughly enjoy not knowing whether the sweat on me came from my body or someone else's. Maybe there's also a difference between venues. The Arthouse fits maybe 200 people whereas the HiFi fits 900. But it only takes one stupid drunk to ruin it for everyone. So I don't know. Maybe At The Drive-In and Fugazi are right, but I still don't like feeling as if the band are the police. I'd like to think that the crowd can look out for each other. But, then again, we're not the ones with the microphones...

After seeing Dayglo (must say Vicious Circle were fucking awesome. I should start seeing them more frequently than once a year - my current record), I spoke to their guitarist. He told us about a show they played in a Mexican neighbourhood in California or Texas (can't remember) where 5 skinheads showed up. Apparently the band has two ambiguous songs with sarcastic lyrics about racism, and these imbeciles thought the band were fascist sympathisers. Needless to say, they had the shit kicked out of them by these big, macho Mexicans. Not a valid solution in my book, but poetic justice nonetheless.

Recall for ice cream

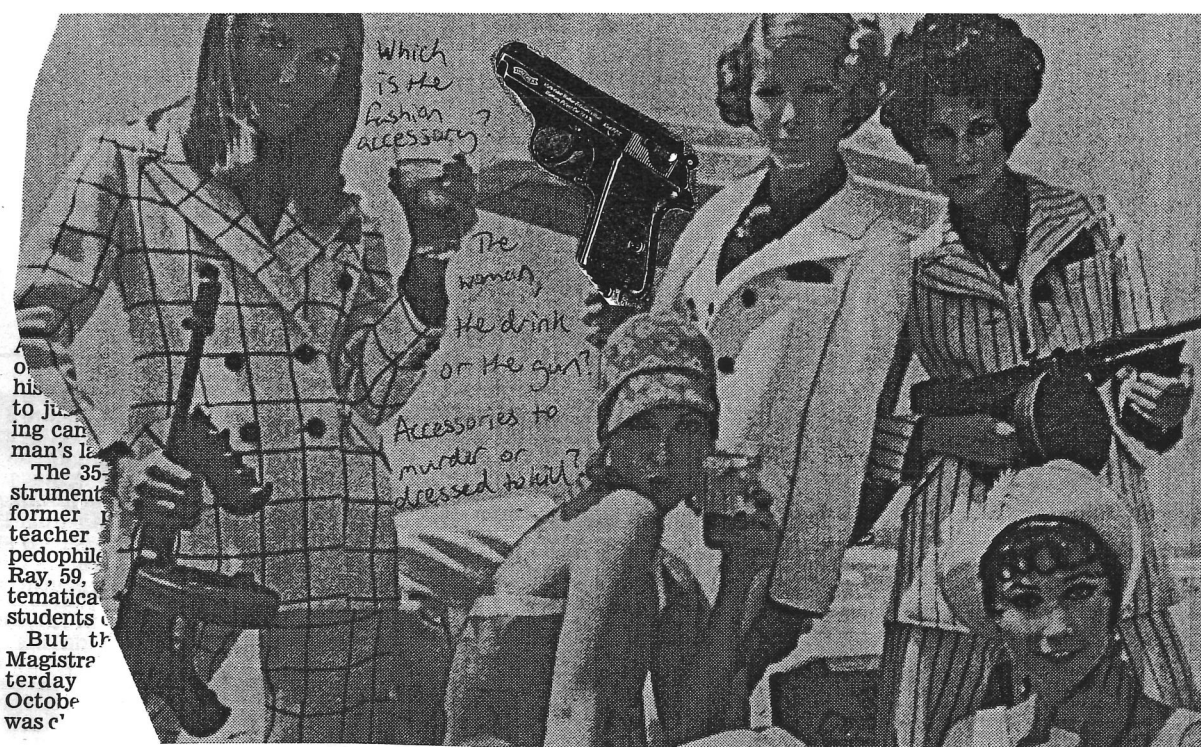
A SOY-based ice cream was recalled yesterday after dairy products were found in Sanitarium's So Good Creamy Vanilla containers.

Dairy ice cream was discovered in a single batch of one-litre tubs with a best before date of Feb 6, 2002 or earlier.

Sanitarium has warned dairy-intolerant people not to eat the ice cream and return the tub to the company for a full refund.

The recall does not affect any other flavors in the soy ice cream line.

Consumers can call 1800 673 392 toll free for more information.



OTHER establishments have changed with the times - going from fish and chip shops for Friday night family dinner to trendy, chic takeaway for those on a tight budget, to overpriced dine-in and takeaway outlet providing snacks for hungry clubbers. Taking a look around at the variety of faces yesterday, I wondered what each of the people there conjured up when they thought of Chapel Street. I'm sure everyone had their own slight variation. All I could focus on was the chunk of minced cow and pig flesh, combined in a remnant of pig skin and dropped on the ground by some clumsy flesheater to be stepped on by passers by - much like the dog shit that had also been stepped on further along the way. I can't help but think of that waste now when I think of Chapel Street. Imagine being murdered for food and then having a chunk of your dead flesh stepped on by a thousand guppies at a street festival. The term 'biowaste' takes on a completely different meaning. Maybe that's what I should start calling the wannabee guppies instead of 'tracksuit brigade'. Who knows? Maybe one day they'll stop wearing Kappa. Or maybe they'll just move to Brunswick Street and go vegetarian.

"I'M JUST TIRED OF COUNTING BODIES/IS THIS MAUSOLEUM TARDY/LET'S JUST PAINT YOU A PRETTY FACE" - non-zero possibility by AT THE DRIVE-IN

"AND THEY MADE SURE THAT THE OBITUARIES SHOWED PICTURES OF SMOKE STACKS/DANCING ON THE CORPSES' ASHES" - invalid litter dept. by AT THE DRIVE-IN



23JUN99
I am pixedated
dithered
and digitally compressed
Hypnotized
by the wrinkles
change direction
on the seat of her slacks
You can't get hit by a bus
if you don't go outside

That's why I like to nap in my
recliner between rounds of
Headless Ostrich Rodeo on ESPN
Swear to fucking god: Headless Ostrich Rodeo
Have you ever seen a chicken with it's head cut off? Some
Australian had the bright idea
of trying that with
and ostrich and putting a
drunk outback clown on it's back.
it's pretty fuckin' amazing.

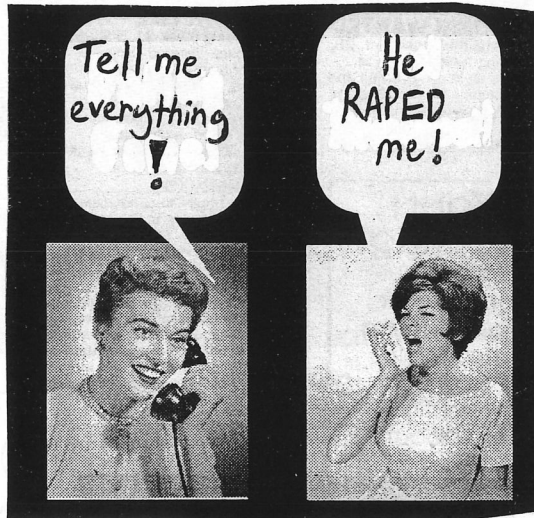
A big, beautiful, majestic bird
flailing, running, usually into things
with a terrified, sunburnt, rough
and tumble bushwhacker clutching
for a firm hold on the bird's
headless, blood splurging neck.
Wow.

Of course, the fucking activists
are livid. PETA just doesn't have
a sense of humor. But I see it
this way: we harvest ostriches for
food now, right? Well, let's make it
entertaining and put a drunk on
it's back. Ostriches have a lot in common
with chickens, biologically. They
have very underdeveloped nervous
systems, so when the heads get
lopped off, it's just a bad wound.
The bird's gross motor function is
in the spine. Without the brain
to delegate motion, the whole
fucking system just spazzes out.

And ostriches can go for a
long time, 5, 6, sometimes, 10
minutes. Usually, the guy's fallen
aff somewhere around 1 or 2
but, shit, it's still a hoot to watch
that bird kick.

And when it's dead, they fucking
eat him. Yeah.

You'll never catch me saving
Marabolo miles. I hear for
3000 miles, they'll send you a
gold-plated tracheotomy ring.



ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN

Vandalism at Sydney railway stations fell by 75% during a six week trial where classical music was played at selected platforms, say NSW train authorities CityRail. The constant playing of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata", Mozart's "The Magic Flute" and Brahms' "A Hungarian Dance", among others, had louts fleeing. Graffiti stopped in two stations - cleaning it up costs train authorities between \$10 million and \$15 a year. Now authorities are planning to introduce classical music in the trains, while authorities in three other states are also eyeing the idea.



(oh, go fuck yourself)

of what is a human being capable
when it wants to
cry

scream

thrash

and murder

all at once?

it's just out of reach

(I am the lamb)
just out of reach.

(shaking, under your control.)
out of reach

(concrete and gold)

JUN 99 "unloading"
I'm not here to unload on you. That would
not be fair at all, plus it would be so damn
easy to break you down
No, you are not my problem.
The problem is out there.
Them.
The uneducated.
The uncivil.
The inefficient.
People would say "So don't I" when
they mean "So do I".
People who don't have their change
ready or their windows down when
approaching a tollbooth.
People who write with "inkpens"
as opposed to, what, quillpens? Nibpens?
People who stand in doorways,
carrying conversations with each other.
People who think I give a shit about
gay teletubbies. Oh, Tinky-Winky is a fag?
Good, I hope your son tries going down on
his elmo doll; "Ha, ha...that tickles!"
People who think I give a shit about
abortion, one way or the other...
People who think that Littleton was a
product of video games and TV, and not a product
of laziness, guns, bloodlust, and a deranged
society that thrives on schadenfreude (look it up, people).
People who lack the qualities of
deduction, retention, coherence,
erudition...Jesus, I'd settle for some
common fucking sense if
I didn't think I

24JUN99
Shooting from the podium...

The shapes and sizes and the colors of people
fascinate me to no end
They mix swirl and conjugate and
slowly come to the realization
that nothing tactile in this world
is around for very long
Just Concrete and Gold

Dividing cells and alcohol will make it all
seem so much better and
nobler than
a mindless pursuit of something to
fuck
and
destroy.

Praying only complicates the issue.
You'll never forget the smell of decaying hope.
a dream
eviscerated.

the construction of a new ideology
is on it's way
a foundation, built on the ruins of trust
and empathy.
all the good ideas have been plagiarized
and made into BUMPERSTICKERS,
set to a catchy tune,
and used in a soundtrack
to your mating rite.

Number ONE! with a bullet (in the head)
Why not try a new analogy instead?
You won't find the truth on a T-shirt
or in your own bed.

Kryst! you'll never see it my way.
As I will probably never see it your way.
Is this how it's supposed to happen?
We are, after all, the
same
organism.

All these throwaway philosophies,
this popsong sediment
burns my flesh and cracks my skull
Rapes my sensibilities and
teaches me n o t h i n g.

We are not evolving anymore.
We are blank-eyed and grinning
at the flickering images
the fire behind the glass
If that isn't proof - positive...
well, at least we learned to walk upright.
(straight to the fucking refrigerator.)

What is a human capable of,

was asking for
too much.

The three percent of people who use
ninety-eight percent of public services. The
welfare mothers with seven kids living in
a government cheese-filled HUD house
that gets visited more often by the cops
than the idiot fathers who fuck without
thinking.

Springer.

The people on Springer.

People who advertise on Springer.

Springer's parents.

Fucking barbarians, each and every
one of them. Soulless, valueless, vapid,
wasteful, waste, piggy little consumers
without a single thought beyond the
non-osmotic bubble they construct around
their meaningless fucking existences,
going through life with some overblown
sense of entitlement, who the hell knows
where they got it - school? Parents?
Society?

Wow, society...whatever.

There it is, ladies and gentlemen.

The mission is clear and the enemy has
been identified. You want a better world?

Figure them out of the big equation. It
is time to boycott those portions of our
society that would diminish our quest for
truth, love, fun, enlightenment. People who don't hold doors for
others. People who don't wait until the elevator
is empty before boarding. People
who avoid eye contact and
never smile. In short,

people who don't
acknowledge the
existence of others.

Fuck them all. They work so
goddamn hard to bleed time, energy, and
attention away from issues that truly
deserve it: education worth a shit, people
dying at the tendrils of tiny organisms, etc,
we could be solving all of these ills we were
not mired down in all this bullshit.

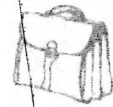
The best thing you can do is to
cut them off. Don't give any of your
time, power, or attention. We must raise
the standard of society, lower the liability
of intelligence. We must endeavor to
achieve greatness of spirit, deed, and
mind. Anyone counter to these basic
principles is the enemy, and should be
regarded as such. Uphold goodness, self-
accountability, and pragmatism. We must
not fail.

Be excellent to each other

And party on, dudes.

Because we are better than them.

finally, faster rewards as good as Cash*



*there's
always a
catch



Quality goods made from cow, goat, kangaroo, ostrich or water buffalo hide at Superbark!

TO Sheryl Johansson (Herald Sun, January 22), I could not agree with you more. Most religions preach tolerance, and give peace and tolerance a chance. F. Sutton, Caulfield North

NOVEMBER 2000

Today I almost saw a dead body.

Well actually I DID see one but it was all wrapped up in a clean, white sheet, revealing nothing of the gore inside. (As a side note, how funny would it have been if Al Gore won the US presidential elections? Every night on SBS World News, we'd hear: "President Gore has met up with (Iraqi/Palestinian/Israeli...) leaders in talks..." Maybe it would have been one step closer to Henry Rollins' idea of the USA portraying themselves as loonies to the rest of the world so that the leaders of other countries can get scared and stop using chemical weapons etc.).

Anyway, back to the story.

I started off just after 10am on my casual stroll through $1\frac{1}{2}$ suburbs to get to my nearest "premium" station. The idea is to avoid paying any more than necessary for my train ticket. I try and practice fare evasion on and off, but only when I'm relatively sure I won't get caught. In this case it was impossible as I knew I'd be getting off at Flinders Street and my arms are not yet strong enough to use as aids in jumping the barrier. So I have my 10x2 hour ticket and use it when I have to.

I walked along pretty much in my own little world today, not really noticing the gardens of the predominantly old people who occupy the streets I pass through. All I remember from less than an hour ago is a glazier (whose trucks I always find fascinating), a cute little Jack Russell terrier and some cool, sexy music wafting out from what looked like a share-house (judging from the ferns allowed to run rampant across the front yard and up the trunks of trees).

This all changed when I got to the main road. The railway crossing gates were down and traffic was backed up behind them. At this stage that was a bonus for me coz it meant I could cross the road with ease. I started walking up the street and noticed that the people walking towards and past me all had sour expressions on their faces. At first I thought it was because of my appearance, but of course it had nothing to do with me. I have this terrible habit of believing I have an effect on the people around me - that people do things as a result of my opinions, influence or even my presence. It's such a self-centred way of thinking and I keep meaning to stop it but always find myself falling back into it. I'm not that important!

As I approached the train tracks I noticed pigs directing traffic, paying particular attention to a couple of school buses. I thought that was strange. What were empty school buses doing stopping next to a train station in an area where there are no schools? I crossed half the train tracks and got to the

central ramp that leads to the platform, and that's when I saw the funeral van parked on the train tracks. Just metres behind it was the body. About six pigs and a couple of transport workers were gathered in a group nearby, talking and smiling. I stared for a while, trying to feel the pain of the person who'd just taken her or his own life. Trying to understand. Then I snapped out of it and started to move toward the platform but was stopped by the appearance of my regular 12-hour shift Indian woman. Her usual sad, quiet demeanour seemed highly amplified and, added to it, was a sense of despair. In a shrill voice she told me there were no trains and I should catch a bus.

Next thing I knew, I found myself on a school bus. I was the first passenger but was soon joined by others who slowly and uneasily trickled in. The first woman was worried about being late for a job interview and when I told her it was suicide, she naively said: "You never know. It could've just been an accident." You don't see adult-sized dead bodies on train tracks and assume it was a mistake. Anyone who values their life would have stepped out of the way. Unless it was murder (Was she pushed?). But I have no doubts it was suicide. By tomorrow I'll know 'for a fact' because of what the media says. But I don't need the media to tell me what I felt. Sitting on the bus, waiting for the driver, I fought back tears.

Normally I sit on the train and look out the windows at the street running next to the line. Now, for a change, I was being driven along those same roads. I got to experience the streets that fascinate me. Yet instead of taking in the atmosphere, all I could look at were the rusty train tracks, their copper tinge eerily reminding me of past bloodstains.

FUCK I HATE WRITING ON BUSES! Not only does this means of transport remind me of where all my jiggly bits are, but it'll be near impossible to read my writing when I'm trying to type (!) this up later... I don't know how I ever used to do my homework on the bus!

ADDENDUM:

I don't like to repress emotions by pretending they don't exist. That's why I wrote this story straight away. But there is something that happened later on which made me feel slightly better about the whole saga.

Remember the little Jack Russell? Well on the same night, a man came into the supermarket where I work* (* = defensive rant, You have been warned) looking frantic and disoriented. I noticed him from far away, waving around a bunch of A4-sized computer printouts while speaking quickly and unintelligibly to one of the checkout chicks. This caught my interest so I looked through the back of the pages he was holding and made out the backwards words: "DOD T20J". Approaching him, I asked what kind of dog it was and, when he told me, I drew him a map of where I saw the creature. The reason I had noticed the dog was because it looked mischievous, walking in and out of a driveway in an unsure manner. It turns out that the dog didn't belong in that driveway but hopefully with my assistance, the owner will find his pup.

*Yes, I work in a stupormarket. Yes I am a hypocrite. It's just so much easier to live your life as a hypocrite, isn't it? I mean, my job is probably one of the things in my life I'm least proud of. When people ask the ever-so-boring question, "So, what do you do?" (Almost as boring as "How do you do?" - but not necessarily... Just think of the range of crude or intelligent 'smart-arse' responses you could make to either of those questions! Let alone the possible Freudian slip of the question-asker, "WHO do you do?!") I begin to list all the things that occupy my time. I start with my two volunteer jobs in television, my volunteer job in all ages entertainment, my work organising gigs and film screenings as fundraisers, my zine editing work, this zine work, my band photography, my street photography and my social activities (gigging, party-going) before wrapping it up with, "Oh - and I also work at a supermarket for money".

In my ideal world, people would be able to work in whatever job they want without having to worry about where their food came from. There would be no money, just bartering and you would be able to trade your services with goods in a points system to make it fair. But then no one would want to do the shitty jobs unless they rotated. So I suppose I'm living in a capitalist system kind of in the way I would have to live in anarcho-syndicalist one too.

By working at a food outlet, I am able to do my service to the community and then I spend the rest of my time doing what I enjoy. The only difference is that because of the necessary evil called 'money', my work means a company profits from my exploitation and they give me a limited amount of the profits I make for them so that I can 'get by' without indulging too much in leisure activities. That's where living at home has its advantages.

Working for a relatively large company also has other advantages:

- No boss looking over your shoulder all the fucking time (although there are cameras but you can't feel the stare of the cameras);
- More staff means I can work less hours;
- More staff means that after working for a while in the same place you can start getting the hours you want on the days you want (FREE weekends!!)

- Unions have a strong presence so we get pay rises and are paid overtime;
- I get to interact with a wide variety of people of different age-groups, backgrounds and interests.

Of course it also means that I help trade in all different types of products I would never buy or endorse, but I figure if I didn't do this job, there would be plenty of other people lining up for it.

The best thing about the job is being a self-appointed union-rep. Although I don't have much trust in the mainstream labour movement, I couldn't imagine NOT being part of a union. I see it as my duty to let the 15-year-olds know when their rights are being contravened. If they don't get a break or they have to wait too long for it, I'll try to make sure it never happens again. If I don't tell them how things are meant to be, chances are no one else will.

Revolution begins by changing things from the inside. END.

Andrew Bolt says 'Battered Women Syndrome' is a Feminist myth... This is what Tim H. has to

say about it

Sexual harassment can take many

forms, including:

- unwelcome comments,
- unwelcome kisses or embraces,
- sexual jokes,
- publications, posters, cartoons, graffiti,
- e-mail, computer messages,
- offensive telephone calls,
- sexually explicit conversations,
- uninvited touching or brushing up,
- demanding sexual favours.

Professor John Archer, head of Psychology at the University of Central Lancashire and president of the International Society for Research on Aggression, analysed more than 80 UK and US studies on relationship violence from the 1970s onwards, and 17 studies based on victim reports from over 1000 women and men. He found that men made up nearly 40 per cent of the victims in these cases – a much higher proportion than has ever been previously recorded – though the effects of women's violence were much less serious (women tended to push, slap or throw things; men tend to punch, crush and kick). ...

Or perhaps we could act on the findings of the national inquiry into violence, published in 1989. All the experts said that the key to reducing violence lies in the home – where we teach children to lash out, by hitting them ourselves. ▲

I used to work for a law firm, basically as an errand boy (delivering legal documents to various court houses, picking up huge settlement checks, etc.), and it really bothered me to learn how difficult it is for abused/threatened women to simply file a restraining order. I could see the utmost horror on the faces of these battered and/or scared women when standing in the "Family Law" lines desperately and frantically explaining their plight to the often-times insensitive filing clerks. Worse yet, even AFTER they filed these restraining orders, there was still no sense of peace (I imagine), because it was up to the boyfriend/husband/stalker whether or not to stay away because of a literal "piece of paper." These men were "smart" enough to know that the cops can't get there as fast as they could beat, maim, kill, and flee. Or worse yet, sometimes these abusers would have such high standing in the community, neighborhood, and amongst the police themselves that often times people would believe his word over hers!!!!

Having over heard quite a bit of conversations between these desperate women and the court-house workers (who commonly were women as well, but ironically stood and worked "safely" behind bullet-proof glass and coded-key entrances), I sensed that they could never explain enough how much fear they sensed, and how there might not be another time that they'd be able to tell someone (in the legal profession or otherwise) that someone was after them.

It was almost like they weren't given any credibility... As if there's a conspiracy of women out there who pretend to get beat, harrassed, etc. for attention??? Or worse yet, that it's THEIR own fucking fault!??? I saw this type of stuff go on almost every time I went to the courthouse to deliver papers (a couple times a week, for over a year straight), and it bothered me horrendously. It makes me sick to my stomach remembering it. I ponder what I can do to eradicate this... Perhaps work in an abused women (and children) shelter? I'd feel great helping them cope, but then I'll feel guilty or even helpless because I'm not preventing it from happening... *sigh*

CRISPBREAD

Man size • Snack size • Bite size

Bovine Evolution presents

Issue 1

Out of Exile

Featuring
interview with
Melbourne Hardcore band
Plea of Insanity

plus
columns
poze
text reviews
more interviews
Direct action, etc

coming in May

Violence Against Women
What Can I Do?



You Can't Beat
The Feeling

A PATRIARCH
LURKS WITHIN
ALL MEN; HE
MUST BE
DESTROYED

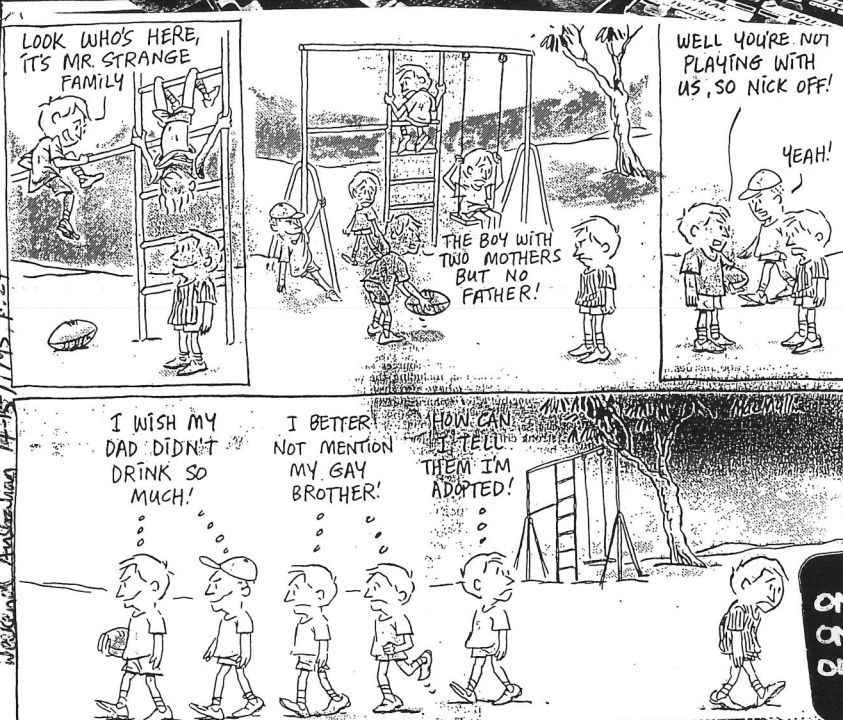
NEITHER MASTER NOR SLAVE

Tourist found naked with child
PHNOM PENH — A US tourist has been charged with the rape and indecent assault of an under-age prostitute in Cambodia.
A Phnom Penh court charged James Curtis Parks, 57, from Hawaii, on Friday with raping a 15-year-old girl in a hotel room, a charge he denied, saying he was impotent and had been teaching meditation.
But police and court officials questioned why the pair were naked when the hotel room was raided last week.



AGAINST ANIMAL TESTING
GEGEN TIERVERSUCHE
CONTRE LES TETS SUR ANIMAUX
CONTRO I TEST SUGLI ANIMALI
OT
HALF MONGRI
BIGOTS
FROM TOYTOWN
S TEGEN TESTEN OP DIEREN
MEANDERTHAI

ONLY 8 SONGS
ONLY 11 MINUTES
ONLY CHEAP \$



14-15 / 195, p. 24

RECIPES

FOR ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY CLEANING PRODUCTS THAT WORK!

YOU WILL NEED:

Bicarbonate of soda / Borax	⚡ An old toothbrush
White vinegar / Course Salt	⚡ Some empty bottles (resealable)
Lemons (a lemon tree is ideal - or a neighbour with one)	⚡ An old cup / A kettle
Eucalyptus oil	⚡ A scourer, sponge and soft cloth
Methylated spirits	⚡ A bucket / A teaspoon
Tea	⚡ A strainer
LOTS of <u>water</u>	⚡ A pump-spray bottle

TO CLEAN CERAMIC TILES, BATHS, SINKS AND TOILET:

Mix 2 parts bicarbonate of soda with 1 part water to make a paste. Apply the mixture with a toothbrush to scrub away icky stuff like mould and the shit that grows between tiles.

For more general, less heavy-duty cleaning of ceramic tiles, enamel surfaces, chrome, whitegoods and even windows, just add 750mL of white vinegar to a medium-sized bucket of warm water.

TOILET-BOWLS:

First of all, figure out whether your toilet bowl flushes straight into a sewage system or whether it flushes into a septic tank. There are different courses of action for each, so this is important.

SEWAGE SYSTEM: Make a paste of 1 part lemon juice and 2 parts borax to keep the inside of your toilet bowl fresh and clean.

SEPTIC SYSTEM: Use white vinegar - which won't harm the microbes that break down the sewage in the tank. Pour it in and leave it overnight. Also throw 1 cup of bicarbonate of soda down the toilet once a week to reduce acidity and encourage the growth of waste-digesting bacteria.

BLOCKED DRAINS:

Just dissolve bicarbonate of soda in boiling water. Pour down a cup each of bicarbonate of soda and salt, followed by two jugs of boiling water. For really bad blockages, follow the cup of sodium bicarb with a cup of vinegar and immediately replace the plug, holding it in position while the chemicals react. Do this until the drain is clear.

GENERAL LIGHT CLEANING (recipe for disinfectant liquid):

Dissolve 10mL of eucalyptus oil in 20mL of methylated spirits and add to 2 litres of water. Any unused disinfectant can be stored in a sealed bottle for future use. Remember to label it clearly and keep away from animals and children.

DEODORISERS:

For washing the garbage bin or refrigerator, add a teaspoon of lemon juice to a litre of water. Room deodoriser can be made by adding the juice of one lemon to a litre of strong tea. Strain it and store in a pump spray bottle with adjustable nozzle. Use the spray on the fine mist setting. Do not spray on furniture or carpet as it stains.



27-03-2001

IT may be popular on the streets, but body art can still get you sacked, legal experts say.

Employers can demand workers remove body piercings, tattoos and punk hairstyles on penalty of the sack.

Lawyers said the legal victory by a childcare worker who refused to remove an eyebrow ring did not signal an erosion of employers' power.



Noo York mayor Rudy Giuliani in a role more suited to someone of his brain capacity

RECIPES (continued)

STAINED COOKWARE AND SINKS:

SALT can be used for general scouring.

Scrub copper and copper-based pans with a mixture of 2 parts vinegar and 1 part salt. Rinse with hot water and polish dry with a soft cloth.

Enamel saucepans can be cleaned by scouring with coarse salt, then washing in hot soda water (sodium bicarbonate in hot water).

[FOR MORE SUGGESTIONS ON GREEN LIVING, VISIT www.itssnatural.com Information for recipes provided by Alan Hayes]

STAYING GREEN WHILE SHOPPING by Emily

Use a basket, big trolley, pram or cloth bags or string bags or make good use of that back-pack that seems permanently attached to you, emo-bag!! For fruit and vegetables that tend to roll around on scales, a simple solution is making your own tulle bags. They're practical, re-useable, washable and weigh virtually nothing. For the uninitiated, tulle is the poxy mesh fabric that brides used to have their sleeves and veils made out of. It's really itchy against the skin. Goths still wear the purple and black varieties (Ah - the things we do for fashion - scratch, scratch). With a sewing machine they'd take seconds to make, but hand-sewing is equally as effective. If you really can't be bothered, just buy those 1kg-3kg bags of onions or oranges and be careful not to rip them open, then re-use them. It's the same thing - just red or orange.

A MESSAGE TO PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY CAN PLAY WITH A PERSON'S EMOTIONS AND THEN JUST DISCARD THAT PERSON

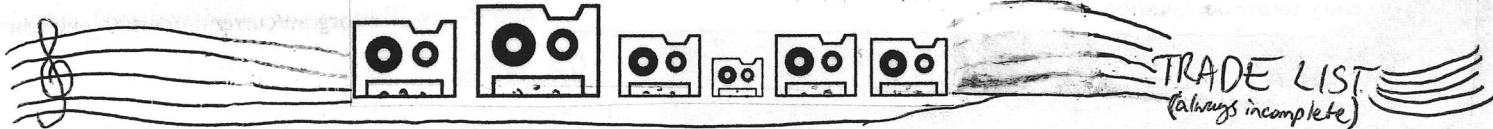
If you think people will always like you for your looks and sex appeal, think again. Once they get to know you, they'll realise what a hollow shell you really are and discard you like a disposable toy. You can keep running from city to city but you will never find true happiness. What a pity most people can't see past your appearance and do not realise that despite your beauty, it is your brain that's your greatest asset. But those few people who DO realise that will know that you use your superior intelligence to manipulate people. You are a truly mean-spirited person and you do not deserve intimacy. Being honest from the outset may hurt people's feelings but the pain is fleeting in comparison to the pain caused when you reveal your true self long after constantly deceiving someone to 'protect' their feelings.

SOUNDTRACK: Spitboy side of split w/Los Cruces (1995 on Eballition) and 'True Self Revealed'

NIRVANA - 'In Utero'



"USE JUST ONCE AND DESTROY...
I LOVE YOU FOR WHAT I AM NOT...
NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT YOU THINK
IF YOU EVER THINK AT ALL...
WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME
WHAT IS WHAT I NEED
WHAT DO I THINK I THINK...
HATE, HATE YR ENEMIES
SAVE, SAVE YR FRIENDS
FIND, FIND YR PLACE
SPEAK, SPEAK THE TRUTH"
- Radio Friendly Unit Shifter
by NIRVANA.



In the time I've spent putting this thing together, I've been introduced to a lot of new bands and different music by bands I already liked. As a result of listening to this stuff, I want to hear more. It's a neverending cycle to complete the network of musicians, bands, labels, musical styles and try to link them all up together in a kind-of family tree. So I'll list a lot of the stuff I've been listening to, and if you have related stuff you might want to trade with me, let me know and I'll send you a more complete trade list. Here's what I've gotten into:

Ciccone Youth / Sonic Youth - 'NYC Ghosts and Flowers' / Smart Went Crazy - 'Now we're Even' / Unwound - various 7"s / Huggy Bear - everything / Him - 'Egg' / Hot Water Music - 'Never ender' double disc / Heavyweight Champ - 'Two Triple Zero' / The Nation Blue - 'Descend' / Refused - demos / Ignite - "Bullets Included No Thought Required" / The Vivian Girls / Ninety Nine / Chicago Underground Trio / Headcase / The Softcocks / Beastie Boys - 'Aglio E Olio', 'Check Yr Head', 'Anthology' / Wire - 'On returning' / Bluetip - 'Dischord No. 101' / Mindsnare - 'Credulity', 'Hanged, Choked, Wrists Slit' / Suicidal Tendencies - debut / Nailbomb - live LP / The Dumb earth - walk The Earth double LP / Born Against - 'Battle Hymns of the race war' + 'Nine Patriotic Hymns For Children' / Damad - 'Burning Cold' / Universal Order of Armageddon - 'The Switch Is Down' / Men's Recovery Project - 'Normal Man' / 97A - 'Society's Running On Empty' / 411 - 'This Isn't Me' / Nausea - 'Extinction' / DOA w/ & w/o Jello Biafra / Lard / Citizen Fish / the Proletariat / The Freeze / M.D.C. / The germs / The Crucifucks / The Undead / Angry Samoans / Godspeed You Black Emperor / Roni Size / Submission Hold - 'waiting For Another Monkey To Throw The First Brick' / Wardance Orange - s/t / Struggle - s/t / Downcast - s/t 12" + 'Hate Comes Easy' 7" / Cain 7" / Code 13 - 'A Part of America Died Today' / Insight - 'What Will It Take?' 7" / Spazz/Opstand/old Victory 7" with Life Cycle, Face Value, Insight, Confront, Meanstreak & Integrity circa 1990! / An American band called Fur on SFTRI - similar to the Brisbane band / Excuse 17 - 'Youth on Fire' / Jolt - 'Emily'!! / Arms Reach - 'Within Our Reach', 'Death To Shallow Hardcore', split w/ Scalplock / 'Smells Like' - Gacy's Place / Nextstep - 'Time To Speak Up' / Sense of Purpose - 'A Matter of Respect' / Spitboy - 'True Self Revealed', s/t, 'Rasana', 'Mio Cuerpo Es Mio', split w/ Los Crudos / One Last wish discography '1986' / Embrace / Egghunt / SKEWBALD / Grand Union / Rites of Spring / Lungfish / The teen Idles / The Untouchables / State of alert / Govt. Issue / Youth Brigade / Red C / Faith / Void / Iron Cross / Artificial Peace / Deadline / Fire Party - s/t / Thorns / Broken Siren / Scream / Soulside / Red Emma / 3 / Husker Du / Afghan Whigs / Helium / Rudimentary Penitentiary / Crass / The Frigidettes / The Wrecks / NBJ / Ribsy / Vice Squad / X-Ray Spex / X / Cristien storm / Stratford Mercenaries / Subhumans / Tribe 8 / 7 Year Bitch / Naked aggression / Squatweiler / Bad Brains LIVE / P.I.L. / Henrietta Collins & The Wife Beating Child Haters / Rollins - 'Get In The Van' / Exene Cervenca - spoken word / Rollins Band / Cosmic Psychos - s/t, 'Go The Hack', 'Down on the Farm' / Public Enemy - 'Yo! Bum Rush the Show', 'It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back', 'apocalypse '91...The Enemy Strikes Back', 'Greatest Misses', 'Muse Sick-N-Hour Mess Age' / Neneh Cherry - 'Raw Like Sushi', / The Dirty Three - s/t, 'Sad And Dangerous', 'Whatever You Love, You Are' / The Birthday Party - 'Junkyard' / Sugarcubes / Kukl / Tappi Tikarris / Helmet - 'Strap It On', 'Meantime', 'Betty', 'Aftertaste' / the Mark of Cain - 'Attrition' / Head On - 'Can You Dance to Feedback?' + 'vs. The Skunks' / Thistle Grim Thistle / Germ / Jazz Pirates / Twister Tragedy / Wall of Noise / Kylie Minogue's Youth Experience / Krunch Not Munch / Culture Shock/ Sepultura - 'Chaos A.D.' / Agent Orange / Dog Faced Hermans / Infest - 'Slave' / Charles Bronson - 'Youth Attack!' / Trouble Funk LIVE / Bikini Kill singles / At The Drive-In - everything / Good Clean Fun - 'Shopping For A Crew' + 'On The Streets Saving The Scene From The Forces Of Evil' / Fur - 'Find what You Like And Let It Kill You' / Madball - 'Hold It down' / Mudhoney - s/t, 'Superfuzz Bigmuff +Early Singles' / Paintstripper - 'Rubbish Truck' / Sweep The Leg Johnny - 'Sto Cazzo!' / Way Over There Catalogue / Spiral Objective samplers / Youth of Today - s/t, 'BreAK DOWN The Walls', 'We're Not in This Alone' / Better Than A Thousand - 'Value Driven' / The Saints - 'Wild About You' discography / Restraint demo / Skinned Teen - 'Karate Hairdresser' / Raooul / Talulah Gosh / Heavenly / The Beat Happening / The Halo Benders / Some Velvet Sidewalk / Turbonegro / The donnas / The Astroglides / Conflict - 'The Ungovernable Force' / Zounds / Flux of Pink Indians / Dirt / The Mob / Crucifix / Los Crudos - 'Canciones Para Liberar Nuestras fronteras' / Brother Inferior - 'Six More Reasons' / Seein' Red / Unbroken / MK Ultra / Holding On / The real Enemy / Killsadie / The Infinity Dive / Deadstool Pidgeon / Diavolo Rosso / Intensity / No Comment / Fear / The Necros / Clitboys / Sick Pleasure / Neos / Fartz / Really red / False Prophets / Reversible cords / Naked raygun / The queers / Big Boys / 7 Seconds - 'The Crew', Ricaine - 'The Sound of Silence' / Slow Loris.

This is not a complete trade list. It is just what I have acquired in one form or another in the year it's taken to complete this zine. In that time I have also had the good fortune to be able to see a few of the above-mentioned bands live, as well as:

Deadstare, Syndicate, Rushmore, Plea of Insanity, Dying Breed, Far Left Limit, One Last Excuse, Identity Theft (ex-MYC), Another way, 101 Words, Day of Contempt, Motion Faster, Yo La Tengo, Mach Pelican, Frankenbok, H-block 101, Vial8, Heartfeltself, The Trojan Horns, Portraits of Hugo Perez and more.

I haven't recorded any of the shows, but I have taken photos and made a video on Australian hardcore, featuring bits of performances from a few different bands. If you're interested in any form of trade, get in touch. Contact me at the PO box in May-June or via e-mail at any time. I won't have access to the PO box as of late June as I'm not sure which country I will be in at that stage. Any mail you send will just sit in an office for months. If possible, contact me via e-mail and I will definitely reply.

Indian Summer (Bikie Holidays Rocks!)

Some stuff I'd like includes: Babes In Toyland, Cuddlesfish - 'Grapps Fruity Elixir' EP, The early Hours - s/t EP, Eric's Trip, The Fall - 'Perverted By Language' LP, Free Kitten - 'Sentimental Education', Girls Vs. Boys - 'House of GVSF', The Gordons - 'Futureshock' LP, P.J. Harvey - 'Dry' & 'Send His Love To Me' single, Husker Du - 'The Living End' LIVE CD, June of '44, Love's Ugly Children - 'Showered in Gold', the Makers - 'Psychopathia Sexualis', Moler - 'On Special' EP, Thurston Moore - 'Psychic Hearts', The Muttonbirds - 'Don't Fear the Reaper', My Bloody Valentine - 'Loveless', Nitocris - 'Screaming Dolores', The Poster Children - 'International', The Prodigy - 'Experienced', Lee Ranaldo - 'From Here To Eternity' + 'East Jesus', Ricaine - 'Entournay' EP, Sleater Kinney, Sonic Youth - 'Hold that Tiger', 'Experimental Jet Set Trash And No Star', 'Made In USA', 'Bad Moon Rising', s/t + 'Walls Have Ears' LIVE double LP, Squirm - 'Whip Me Honey', Tarnation, That Dog - 'Totally Crushed Out' + s/t, Therapy? - 'Short, Sharp, Shock', 3Ds - 'Dust', Underground Lovers (early, early stuff), Link Wray (1958 - 1964), Rock Stars Kill compilation + Stars Kill Rock compilation, Sub Pop 200 3CD set, Bodycount - s/t, Hoover (esp. 1993 LP), Jawbox compilation, Pailhead, Tortoise, Isotope 217, Chicago Underground Duo or CU Orchestra, The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Joseph Jarman, Les Batteries, Brokeback, Ernest Dawkins' New Horizons Ensemble, Lin Halliday, SOD - 'Bigger Than the Devil', The Tactics, Bikini Kill Split w/Huggy Bear, Jack and the Beanstalk (Perth), Smart Went Crazy, Unwound, Hot Water Music, Born Against, Submission Hold, Downcast, Arms Reach, Helium, Charles Bronson, Helmet, Paintstripper, Sweep the Leg Johnny, Some Velvet Sidewalk, MK Ultra, No Comment, & more Dischord, Ebullition, Kill Rock Stars, Vermiform, Southern, Thrill Jockey and Delmark Records stuff.

READING RECOMMENDATIONS:

George Orwell - '1984'. Quotes: "Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious."

('Prole' = Proletariat/working class) "The Lottery, with its weekly pay-out of enormous prizes, was the one public event to which the proles paid serious attention. It was probable that there were some millions of proles for whom the Lottery was the principal if not the only reason for remaining alive. (Sound familiar?) ... the prizes were largely imaginary. Only small sums were actually paid out, the winners of the big prizes being non-existent persons." (Do you know anyone who has won a jackpot??)

"Talking to her, he realised how easy it was to present an appearance of orthodoxy while having no grasp whatever of what orthodoxy meant. In a way, the world-view of the Party imposed itself most successfully on people incapable of understanding it. They could be made to accept the most flagrant violations of reality, because they never fully grasped the enormity of what was demanded of them, and were not sufficiently interested in public events to notice what was happening. By lack of understanding they remained sane."

"It was possible ... to imagine a society in which wealth, in the sense of personal possessions and luxuries, should be evenly distributed, while power remained in the hands of a small privileged caste. But in practice such a society could not long remain stable. For if leisure and security were enjoyed by all alike, the great mass of human beings who are normally stupefied by poverty would become literate and would learn to think for themselves; and when once they had done this, they would sooner or later realise that the privileged minority had no function, and they would sweep it away."

"We are the future and nothing can stop us" - CLASS OF 1984

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - for ever." - 1984 - George Orwell

Here we are again at the end of another issue of A Million Filaments.

I chose to place my closing spiel at the end this time, since it will be the last bit of my own wit that goes into this issue. It has been almost two years now since AMF began and it's time to put it on hold. Writing, photocopy art and culture-jamming are activities I will continue to appreciate ^{and} to actively take part in, but I am unsure about the form of my next publication and even less certain about when it will appear. The three themed issues thus far: Crowd Dynamics, Consumption and Violence work well in conjunction with each other - just as much a trilogy as they are a triptich. In story form they are each very much situated in the time when I produced them, and they represent the state of my mind during that time. Visually, each issue is quite different, yet when you try to visualise the theme of each issue, you will find that the pictures your imagination paints would complement each other well on a gallery wall.

A few months back, my friend Dennis told me of his plans to move from the east coast to the west coast of the U.S. I didn't really question him about his motives until he began to complain of feelings of isolation. He had left his one true friend back in Manchester NH, and missed him terribly, but was determined to stay in Renton WA. When I quizzed him, he asked me if I had ever felt nomadic. It was obvious by my puzzlement that the answer was 'no'. The reason I am relating this anecdote is because I now know what it is like to feel nomadic. The nomad bug has hit me and I need to leave the country. I'm not interested in simple travel of the sightseeing variety. I want to experience other cultures and community lives by living in other places for extended periods of time. This may seem strange to you if you have read my article 'BLOOMING HELL'. Why would I want to leave a community that I feel so much a part of? I don't really know what the answer to that is but I can guess that I'd like to know what else is out there. My friends are like family and I will miss them. I will miss my family, the groups I'm involved in and my routines, but this is something I must do now. I don't care that the Australian dollar is worth shit - I will find a way to conquer financial problems. I don't care that the people I love will be thousands of miles away - I will have a unique opportunity to meet new people.

to bridge
comfort
zones
etc

The point of travel is to never be satisfied with complacency. Routines are good because they give your life structure and make you feel as if you have control over some part of your existence, but you have to regularly step back from your safe routines and reassess why you are stuck in them. What was it you were trying to achieve in the first place and are you still on the right path? I've found that my routines have almost reached their expiry date and after two years of Melbin Media Activism, it's time to hit the road and become a Global Media Terrorist. I plan to take my videos and publications far and wide during the second half of the year 2001. I am not sure if or when I will return to Melbin-town, but I still encourage responses to any items you may find interesting in A MILLION FILAMENTS. The postal address will be operational until the end of June. After June 2001, I will only be contactable via email until further notice. I don't wish to be elitist, but no matter how harsh your circumstances are, you should still be able to gain access to email somehow. I have never owned a computer and I manage to check email - mostly for free - in a variety of ways. I have done so for over three years now. It is possible. So write to me!

Ⓟ Respect ⓘ Emily

CONTACT A MILLION FILAMENTS

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via post: Emily@SKA
PO Box 75
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54 Victoria Street
Carlton South VIC 3053
AUSTRALIA

CURRENT • INDIAN SUMMER; BY THE GRACE OF GOD;
LISTENING • DYING BREED; FAR LEFT LIMIT; ETA CARINAE;
STRETCH ARMSTRONG; JAWBREAKER; RYE
COALITION; AND AN OLD KILL ROCKSTARS COMP.



INSPIRATIONS

See elsewhere in this issue for lists of music and books ~
All the people and events that led me to write about them ~

Scott Paradigm [order Paradigm via PO Box 195, Pysdale VIC 3222 or s-paradigm@hotmail.com] ~ Dan No Longer Blind (thanks for the advice) [order NLB via PO Box 069, Wollongong University, Wollongong NSW 2500 or nx1xb@yahoo.com] ~ Smug for Counter Attack zine - #4 is worthwhile, if only for the pics of Arms Reach and the column: "You make me wanna start a hatecore band so I can sing about you" [order CXA via 4 Briddon Rd, Pennant Hills NSW 2120 or smugweed@yahoo.com] ~ Eli, Ben & Syndicate, Brett Deadstare and all who came to Melbourne from far and wide for the Deadstare/Syndicate shows in January, especially the person who distributed HARBINGER at those shows [order many free copies of Harbinger Now and distribute everywhere - via Crimethinc. HQ, 2695 Rangewood Drive, Atlanta GA 30345, USA] ~ Con Barcode for Barcode The World zines and music releases [send stamps for catalogue to BCTW, PO Box 341, Fivedock NSW 2046] ~ Kylie PLF (thanks for feedback on AMF) [order Personality Liberation Front via PO Box 3023, South Brisbane BC QLD 4101 or unigeek@yahoo.com] ~ Kelly Young [order PDR zine and Kill The Real Grrls via PO Box 331, Lilydale VIC 3140 or pdrzine@start.com.au] ~ Lisa Pham - cool writings in Nuances [contact via email only - thelittlelisa@yahoo.com] ~ Low Zu Boon [order Filter Lanes zine via Robinson Road Post Office, PO Box 343, Singapore 900643, Singapore] ~ Kalle Lasn and Adbusters Magazine [check out www.adbusters.org or contact editor @ adbusters.org or 1243 West 7th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1B7, Canada] ~ El Crappo Productions for a unique range of music releases and genre-specific or time-specific or location-specific guides to all sorts of underrepresented and overlooked Australian music. [You must contact them for a catalogue via PO Box 602, North Adelaide SA 5006] ~ All the people who were involved in the making of my documentary on Australian Hardcore Punk: 'What's All The Screaming About?' - Lidia, A.J., Murty, Brett, Brendan, Jacquie, Belky and all the bands and interviewees ~ I have also found inspiration from all the idealistic and conscientious people who make up the three point three collective and are working towards making a real difference in the Melbourne underground music scene [check out www.threepointthree.live.com.au] ~ Anyone who has independently set up a show or contributed to it in some way, I commend you on your effort ~ and all the shoplifters and fare evaders - I salute you!!

R.I.P. Joey Ramone! 16/4/2001

POLITICIANS, like nappies, should be changed often. And for the same reason.
W. Barry, Mulgrave

CONTRIBUTORS

(aware and unaware):

Dennis M. Jolin (clippings and journal entries); The Bastard; Project Help For Kids 1988; my partner in crime; Herald Sun; Firearms Handbook; Express Media; Tim Herrman; Barcode The World zine; Neither Master Nor Slave; Victorian Community Council Against Violence; The Weekend Australian; Moira Rayner (The Big Issue); Pauline Burgess (SDA); The Shop Assistant

Jumbos on easy street

(finally)
A CIRCUS is opening a retirement home for elephants — complete with whirlpool baths.

Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey has agreed to the home as part of a legal dispute with an animal welfare group.

The 10,000ha park is near Sacramento, California, and will be known as Ark 2000.

The circus will donate elephants to the centre along with money to help run it.



**You
ould've
lled
When
had the
ce...**



we could do without

[REDACTED]

**but don't worry,
WE'LL NAIL HIM AGAIN!**

Armed with M870 12 bore shotguns and 9mm M9 pistols, six members of the Marine detachment from the nuclear powered aircraft carrier USS Theodore Roosevelt take part in boarding team training aboard the fleet oiler USNS Joshua Humphreys. The Marines are being trained by members of Sea-Air-Land (SEAL) Team 8, which assisted in the enforcement of UN trade sanctions against Iraq during Operation Desert Storm Red Sea, March 1991

THEIR HANDS ARE *FASTER* THAN GUNS...

WE WILL NOT BE IGNORED

EP

HANDWRITING AND GENERAL RULES OF THE SHOW